

The American **LEGION**

MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER 1935

15 CENTS



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17th National Convention, ST. LOUIS, September 23-26



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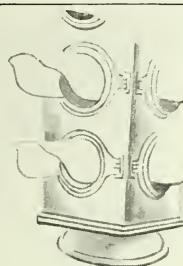
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For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion

SEPTEMBER, 1935

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COVER DESIGN: HERE THEY COME!
GUEST EDITORIAL: THE BULWARK
OLD MAHOGANY

WINGS OVER THE SEA
FAREWELL TO HOSPITALS

SHALL THE LEGION REMAIN NON-POLITICAL?
BIG MOMENT CONTEST—\$500 IN PRIZES

OLD MAN RIVER WAKES UP
GIVE THE LITTLE MAN A HAND

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT CAP?
LION'S TEETH, 10¢ A BUSHEL
THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS MEANS HOSPITALITY PLUS
THE GALLOPING GOOSE
HELL AND HIGH WATER
BURSTS AND DUDS
SLUM AND BEANS

THE VOICE OF THE LEGION
NEWS OF VETERAN INTEREST

Illustrations by Forrest C. Crooks

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LAST CALL FOR THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION

THE St. Louis National Convention is only three weeks ahead—September 23d to 26th. Join the crowd and you'll help celebrate more than just another year of Legion history. For St. Louis marks the definite emergence from the shadow of depression. All signs point to just cause for celebration this year such as the Legion has not known since the bottom dropped out of things way back yonder. Wheels of business and industry are turning. Building has shown a sensational pickup. Even the weather has turned—no drought in 1935. Hope and confidence rule again. In this spirit the Legion at St. Louis will rededicate itself to the service of its country and march forward to a greater glory of its own.

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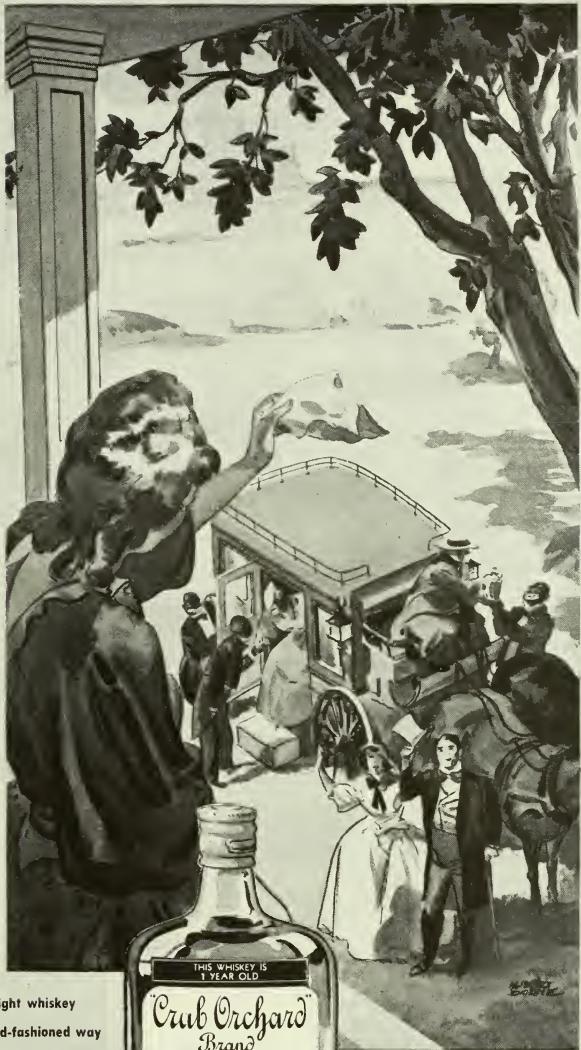


A good guide to good whiskey



Kentucky "quality folk" gathered from far and wide at the old Crab Orchard Springs Hotel

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CITIES SERVICE OILS AND GASOLENES

THE BULWARK

FRANK KNOX, *Guest Editor*

PATRIOTISM is sometimes the refuge of scoundrels. Likewise, many times, the Constitution is made the cloak for rascally injustice. The scoundrel's patriotism, however, is always exhibited when the need for an exhibition of patriotism is absent. Your crook who wraps the flag around him is never present in answer to the roll when love of country exacts sacrifice.

Similarly, devotion to the Constitution becomes a public virtue when constitutional rights are imperiled. Most of us, most of the time, live our lives without paying great heed to the constitutional shelter under which we live. It is like a mother's love. It is ours without asking and we enjoy its blessings so naturally that we think those sheltering wings have always been over us and always will be.

Once in several generations a true testing comes of our faith and our belief in, and our support of, the Constitution. One of those great periods of testing was before the Civil War when the struggle over slavery threatened to destroy our constitutional unity. Another time is the present, when misguided men talk recklessly of constitutional reforms, declare the Constitution outmoded and demand its change. Under this new pressure for a change, which is swiftly growing, it is well to ask ourselves a few fundamental questions:

Do we want, in this country, a government based upon socialism, or upon individualism? If we want socialism, we must abandon our Constitution as it is now written. If we want socialism with its regimentation and

control of the individual's personal liberty, then we want a change. If we want to preserve our freedom and liberty, then we must hold fast to our constitutional fundamentals.

There are only two kinds of government in the world: One in which all rights, save those necessary for common defense and common welfare, are reserved to the individual, and the other in which all rights of every kind are subordinated to the state. We cannot have a government which is part one and part the other. Sooner or later, it becomes wholly one, or wholly the other.

Specifically in the present crisis, the test, apparently, will come on whether we shall preserve the American principles of three co-ordinate departments of government, each independent of the other—the executive, the legislative and the judiciary. The attack is aimed chiefly, at the moment, at the judicial power, and in no way can human freedom be destroyed more effectively than in undermining the authority of the courts to hold an exact balance as between the executive and legislative powers in the treatment accorded individuals under the Constitution. When you hear the power of the courts attacked, you may know with certainty that your own personal, individual liberties are imperiled.

The power of the judiciary, maintained on terms of equality with the two other great powers of our Government, is the bulwark of the individual against the tyranny of the dictator or the tyranny of the mob. With that destroyed, true freedom dies.

FROM time to time, the Editorial Page of The American Legion Monthly will be turned over to a special guest editor—some prominent figure in American life, Legionnaire or non-Legionnaire, whose views on problems of present-day concern are worth recording and worth reading. Guest editors, of course, will have the privilege of saying what they choose to say and of saying it in the manner they think fit. In this issue the Monthly takes pleasure in presenting Legionnaire Frank Knox, publisher of the Chicago Daily News

By Samuel Scoville, Jr.

*Illustrations
by Forrest C. Crooks*

OLD



THE hills were all rose and snow with drifts of blossoming laurel. Little brooks, choked with wild forget-me-not, stretched like strips of turquoise across green meadows and from every thicket sounded the harp-notes of the veeries—for it was spring in Cornwall.

Then came the night of the full moon. Remote stars showed among the towering plumes of the hemlocks on the Cobble as the moon rose, a pale aureate bubble above the trees, which changed Cream Lake into a sheet of molten silver. Suddenly the silence was broken by the lovely, minor song of a white-throated sparrow, who thought that dawn had come.

"Lone, lone, lonely, lonely," his cool, flute-notes blew across the hill, while the fairy lanterns of the fire-flies made points of green-gold flame in the violet dark.

That night a prince of the wild-folk came to earth, the largest and darkest one of four cubs born to a pair of red foxes in a burrow which they had dug in the hillside above the lake.

Nine days later their eyes opened and within a month they were weaned. Thereafter came their first trip out into the wide world.

On a night of stars the vixen left the burrow, while two or three little heads were thrust out after her. She gave an encouraging chirr deep down in her throat and a moment later the cubs, woolly like little lambs, followed her one by one. They found themselves in a new world, whose roof was far away and spangled with stars, instead of being near at hand and made of earth. Close to where the vixen stood lay a plump partridge which the old dog-fox had brought to the burrow earlier in the evening, and with little snarls all four pounced upon the dead bird and rolled over and over together, tearing and pulling at the limp body.

After that first experience in the open the cubs lived more and more outside of the burrow and began to acquire that knowledge which every fox who wishes to live out his life must possess. They soon learned that the scent of man or dog, the smell of smoke or the cold, acrid odor of rusty iron meant danger for little foxes.

Then came the night when they learned a lesson of life and

death. In the west the afterglow still barred the violet dark. In the east a rim of raw gold showed above the edge of the world. Then, as the moon climbed the sky and the clear voices of the hylas sounded like tangled chimes of tiny silver bells, the little foxes came out to play, while the old ones were off hunting.

They chased each other back and forth, rolling over and over in the grass and sometimes came together in a great ball of soft fur. Suddenly a shadow drifted down toward them from the sky and fell upon one little cub, who for the instant was outside of the circle of frolickers. The next moment came a wailing cry and his little body shot up through the air and disappeared in the dark, while the ghostly hoot of a great-horned owl sounded for a moment among the trees.

Then came the day when the cubs met for the first time that cruellest, fiercest, craftiest enemy of all the wild-folk.

It was Hen Sloat who showed them the unrelenting enmity which so many humans have for their lesser brethren. Hen was a squatter, with a thin, mean face, whose specialty was poaching on preserved streams and shooting game out of season, and it was he who happened one night to see the cubs playing together in the moonlight. The next day he located the burrow and with two of his friends started to dig out the fox family.

MAHOGANY

HE COULD Outrun and Outsmart Anything on Four Feet or Two, But When Three Hunters Pooled Their Packs—



Before he could free the shovel from the vines the fox and her cubs flashed through the opening and away

At the first clink of steel against gravel, the vixen sprang up and hurried to each of the three exits which led from the warren, only to find all of them blocked. With pick and shovel and crow-bar the men dug fiercely, uncovering the main shaft of the burrow. As the sound of the clinking shovels came near and nearer to the grass-lined nest where the cubs cowered, the mother fox rushed back and forth from one entrance to another, as if hoping that by some miracle the stones which blocked her escape might have been rolled away. Each time she found them still there and each time her nostrils warned her that some human was watching every exit lest she dig around the rock that sealed it.

Then, as the thudding blows of pick and shovel sounded louder, the hunted mother turned to the last resort of the underground people. Convoying her cubs out of the round room where they had been born, she hurried them into a blind tunnel which led to the kitchen midden, where all the bones and rubbish of the den were buried. Pushing the young foxes in front of her, one by one, with her slim, pointed muzzle, she entered last. Then, her four paws working like little steam shovels, she blocked the entrance into that by-passage with clay dug from the sides of the tunnel.

Hardly had she finished when Sloat and his men uncovered the shaft which she had just left and as they worked their shovels heaped still more earth over the entrance to the midden-tunnel.

Foot by foot the killers uncovered the main shaft, while tunneling at right angles to it, hidden from her pursuers by a scant two feet of earth, the mother fox dug for her life. With her fore-paws she tore into the soft loam at the far side of the

rubbish hole and with her hind paws gathered it up and shot it behind her, while the cubs packed it down as they followed her. In a long curve, slanting gradually up she tunneled until she knew by the massed roots above her that she was beneath a thicket. Then the vixen dug vertically upwards until her paws cut through the tough turf that carpeted a copse of hazel bushes.

Even as she did so, there came a shout from the diggers. They had uncovered the foxes' bedroom—and found it empty. The next moment they were probing either side of the exposed shaft, searching for the hidden entrance to some by-tunnel. It was Sloat's shovel that finally uncovered the masked opening and a second later the hunters were making the dirt fly as they followed the newly-dug shaft.

As her pursuers uncovered the short tunnel, not ten feet away,



"No one dog can run down Old Mahogany," agreed Myron,
"but perhaps fifteen on 'em can"

in the center of the thicket, the mother-fox tried desperately to force her way up through the hazel roots. For an instant even her chiseling claws could not cut through them. In that moment Sloat realized where the tunnel ended.

"They'll be comin' out in them bushes, boys," he shouted, and rushed toward the copse.

For a few seconds the mass of interlaced cat-briar barred the way. Before he could disentangle himself the vixen's head popped up through the ground not six feet away like a jack-in-the-box. Hen aimed a blow at her but the shovel caught in the network of vines and before he could free it the fox and her cubs flashed through the opening and slipped away at the farther side of the thicket. Even as they ran, Sloat noticed that the largest cub was red in color instead of the faded yellow of the other two.

That was the red cub's first meeting with man. As he grew older his coat grew darker until it became the exact shade of a well-polished mahogany table and gained him the name by which he later became known all through that hill-country. By the time he had reached his full growth Old Mahogany was the largest, handsomest and wiliest fox in all that country.

It was in his fifth year that the three best fox-hunters in Cornwall conspired against him. Myron Dean, off the Barrack,

Rashé Howe, down from the Cobble, and Mark Hurlburt out of the Hollow, agreed to pool their packs of fox-hounds and hunt him down.

"Let Mark start off tomorrow with his young dogs," said Myron, when they met at the village store. " 'Bout the middle of the morning Rashe here can spell him. In the afternoon, if he's still goin', I'll turn my old black dogs loose."

"He'll be goin', all right," returned Rashe. "I don't believe there's a dog livin' that can run down that red devil."

"Well, that's right," returned Myron, "but perhaps fifteen on 'em can."

The next day, while a gibbous moon like a broken bowl of alabaster swung low in the morning sky, the great fox left his den in the side of Rattlesnake Mountain. The deep mahogany of his back showed glints of gold, his long, slim legs were coal-black and his flanks and thighs a blending of tawny pinks, russets and ebony, while his brush seemed tipped with snow.

On the hillside, where the pale-rose sedges waved in the wind, he suddenly stopped and the next moment pounced upon a tuft of grass which had moved ever so slightly. Thrusting his slim muzzle down between his forepaws the great fox gripped and swallowed in a couple of gulps a round-bodied, short-tailed

meadow-mouse. Before he left the hill he had caught and eaten six more and finished his breakfast by drinking sparingly from a little brook, whose shadowed surface showed like a twisted strip of watered silk against the snow.

A little later and Old Mahogany was well satisfied that he had not eaten more heavily, as he heard from the bare crest of the cobble the bell-like notes of Rashe Howe's dappled, black-and-yellow fox-hounds.

For an instant the trim figure stood tense, like a statue of speed. Then he was gone—and only a flash of wine-red against the melting drifts at the far end of the valley showed where.

As the hounds quartered the valley they came upon the fresh tracks of the great fox and the hillsides echoed with their baying.

A mile ahead, circling Rattlesnake Mountain, the fox moved with a long, easy stride, which ate up the ground like fire. Through thickets and second-growth timber he ran straight and true with the clamor of the pack sounding louder behind him, until he reached the middle of a great sand bank which stretched for some distance along the mountain-side. The loose, dry sand, flowing at a touch, completely covered both his tracks and his scent.

For two hundred yards he made his way along the slanting sand until he came to where a white-ash grew horizontally from the side of the hill about six feet above his head. For an instant the fox stopped and eyed the tree above him. Then, with a tremendous bound, he hooked his forepaws over it, scrambled up on the trunk and the next moment had disappeared in a thicket on the slope of the mountain.

A little later the pack burst out of the valley in full cry. At the sand they lost the scent, separated, ran along both edges of the bank and circled each end without finding any sign of the fox's tracks.

Again and again the well-trained dogs hunted back and forth trying vainly to locate the spot where the fox had left the bank. At last their leader, a crafty veteran, happened to run out a few feet on the ash tree. Instantly he caught again the lost scent and the next second his loud bay brought the other hounds to the spot.

For half the length of the trunk the fox-tracks showed in the snow. Then they disappeared. It was plain to the pack what had happened. The fox had leaped from the tree-trunk and landed somewhere in the surrounding thickets. Instantly every hound was nosing and sniffing his way through masses of close-set bushes until suddenly one of them gave tongue—and the chase was on again.

All this delay, however, had given the fugitive a long start and by the time his pursuers were on his trail again, he had crossed the mountain. On its farther side he came out upon a cement state road, which connected two of the larger towns of that northern county. Down its long stretch the fox moved leisurely, his wise face wrinkled deep as if he were planning some new stratagem. Then, as he heard again the baying of the pack from the crest of the mountain behind him, he increased his pace, only to leave the road with a bound and crouch in a thicket, as he saw a car approaching.

It was only the battered sedan in which Bunker Rogers was bringing back a load of groceries from Cornwall Bridge, but to the hunted animal it was refuge and escape. With a quick spring he landed on the spare tire at the rear of the car and crouching there doubled back on his trail without leaving track or trace of his going.

Undoubtedly the Red One had expected to be far away in an opposite direction to the trail which the hounds were following long before they reached the road. If so, he had miscalculated their speed, for the car met them racing along hot on the fresh scent. Old Bunker sounded his horn and the pack reluctantly divided to allow the car to pass. If but one of them had looked back he would have seen, not six feet away, old Mahogany clinging to the spare tire.

As, unseen, he whirled past his enemies, the Red One's mouth

was wide open, his tongue lolled out and if ever a fox grinned, that one did.

It was Mark Hurlburt who prevented Old Mahogany from making a clean getaway. Mark was a great believer in Irish terriers, and in a flivver of ancient vintage, overflowing with tawny little dogs, he had been patrolling the road a few miles farther on, convinced that sooner or later the fox would follow the highway.

When, at last, he met and passed Bunker's car, his terriers began to yelp frantically. Looking back Mark saw a mass of dark-red fur at the rear of the speeding sedan but by the time that he had stopped and turned around, the other car was nearly out of sight.

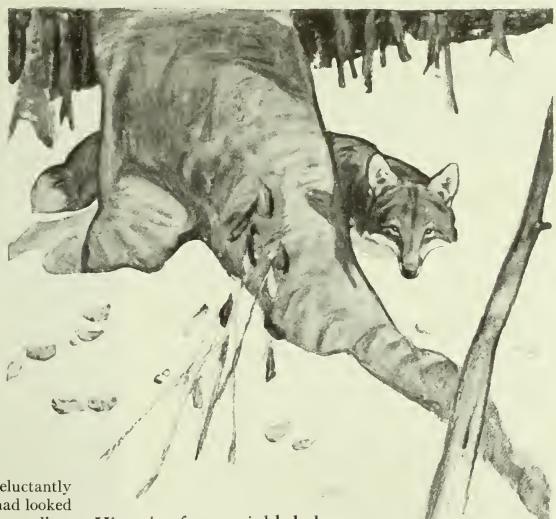
Then began an unusual fox-chase. Rattling along in his old flivver, Mark tooted his horn incessantly, while beside him the terriers barked and howled at the top of their shrill voices.

For a time the fox gained on the pack. Gradually, however, running at full speed, the flivver began to overtake the sedan and before long Mark could plainly see the fox clinging to the spare tire and grinning defiance at him. At last the tumult of toots and barks penetrated even Bunker's deaf ears and he stopped his car, while the fox leaped down from his perch and disappeared in the brush. With some difficulty Mark managed to unleash his tugging terriers and in another moment they were hot on Old Mahogany's trail as he headed toward the Hollow, the largest valley in Cornwall township.

All that morning the fox had run without stop or pause, save for the short ride, and the pace had begun to tell—otherwise the terriers could never have kept so close to him. They were in sight as he reached the slow, deep brook which wound its way through the Hollow and they were still nearer when directly ahead of him sounded the baying of the Howe hounds who had raced back along the road and crossed the Hollow when they heard the yelps of the terriers.

Then it was that the Red One, with a pack behind him and a pack before, and his strength half gone, fell back upon the craft that had saved his life so many times before.

Hollow Brook was a good thirty feet wide and filled with floating ice. At one point a broken tree-trunk spanned about a third of its width and along that the fox made his way until he reached the end of the stub. From there it might have been possible for him to reach the farther bank but with such a slippery take-off, the chances were all against him. (Continued on page 46)



His wise face wrinkled deep,
as if he were planning some
new stratagem

By
Rear Admiral
Ernest J. King,
Chief of Aeronautics,
United States Navy

WINGS over the sea! Wings—not to carry us on flights of conquest, nor for aggressive warfare—but to keep us ready for the important task of national defense. The air force of the Navy rises to take its proper place in the national scene.

America is essentially a peace-loving country. We believe in attending to our own affairs in our own way, and we desire no strife with foreign nations. But we desire also, with all the patriotic fervor of our national being, to be able to protect our shores, our homes, our institutions from invasion and destruction from any hostile forces that might arise against us.

In our program of national defense, the basic principle of our naval policy is to maintain our Navy at sufficient strength to support the national interests and commerce, and to guard the continental and overseas possessions.

In this program, the air service of the Navy has an important role. The necessity for an adequate flying force for our "first line of defense" can hardly be overstated.

We of the Navy air service are particularly proud, as we face the important year of 1936, to recall the words of former President Theodore Roosevelt when he said:

"The Navy of the United States is the right arm of the nation and emphatically the peacemaker. Woe to our country if we permit that right arm to become palsied or even to become flabby and inefficient."

We are gratified that today another President Roosevelt, like his famous predecessor, realizes the influence sea power has played in history and is taking steps, with the able assistance of Congress, to build our Navy up to its proper Treaty strength. Under this Treaty-Navy building program, the strengthening of the wings of the Navy is of utmost importance.

The report of the Federal Aviation Commission, issued recently, has this to say:

"On the side of national defense it has been agreed in the first place by all witnesses and all authorities, and it seems to be widely recognized by naval opinion in other parts of the world, that American naval aviation represents the finest adaptation of aircraft to the role of service as units of a fleet that the record of world experience can offer. Even the severest critics of American naval policy are united in praise of the success of the present personnel in working out the operating problem that has been given them, and of the high quality of their sea-going equipment."

We of the Navy air service are proud of those words! We renew our efforts to keep them a living reality.

What is our foremost problem? I think it is to take the American people into our confidence. It is *their* Navy—their air service—built, paid for and maintained by the public for the public protection. Our people should interest themselves in their Navy and should demand an adequate flying force so that they themselves can feel assured our armed forces will be in a position to defend our nation from aggression by other countries who might attempt to usurp our possessions or infringe upon our rights.

WINGS



OVER *the* SEA



The Navy's Chief of Aeronautics steps from his two-starred plane on to firm ground—instead of a landing stage. On opposite page, land planes of the fleet swing into action

Existing aircraft records—military, naval and commercial—are being broken almost daily. The range, speed and destructive power of aircraft are increasing by leaps and bounds. These advances in air power are causing the nations to realize the necessity for more effective measures in connection with national defense. Countries formerly days, weeks, or even months distant from our own can now be reached in the course of hours—or at most, days—of flying time.

Mobile sea-going units, including aircraft, must bear the brunt of the initial phases of defensive operations in any attack on this continent. Enemy forces must cross the seas to attack, whether they intend to attack directly from the sea, or from the land via the sea. It is here that naval aviation plays such an important part in the preservation of our country's safety.

The most important event during 1934 from the standpoint of national defense was the signing by the President of the Vinson-Trammell Treaty-Navy Bill. This legislation authorized three things: Construction of a Navy of Treaty strength in surface ships, maintenance of the Navy at Treaty strength after it is built, and the securing of sufficient naval aircraft for vessels and other naval purposes commensurate with a Treaty Navy in surface ships.

Funds were appropriated for this year's allotment of airplanes

required by this program. As this article is being prepared, we of the Navy air service are requesting an appropriation from Congress which will permit the purchase of 555 new planes this next year, of which 282 are to replace aircraft worn out or obsolete, and 273 are to be new. This additional number is needed almost entirely to equip the two new airplane carriers *Yorktown* and *Enterprise* and six new cruisers due to be commissioned in 1937. The cost of these 555 planes will run about \$40,000,000. These six new cruisers, by the way, are already named: *Brooklyn*, *Nashville*, *Philadelphia*, *Quincy*, *Savannah* and *Vincennes*. This expansion in naval air organization will of course bring about a corresponding increase in facilities of shore stations, personnel, equipment and the training of student pilots.

At this point it might be interesting to look back over the history of naval aviation. The Navy's first purchase of aircraft, three planes, was made in 1910. The value of those early planes appeared mighty doubtful, to say the least, but a few thoughtful and far-seeing enthusiasts believed aviation had a bright future. They began devoting time and effort toward carrying out their vision.

The World War gave aviation a tremendous impetus. At its close there came a natural slowing of activities and a period of readjustment. After the report of the Morrow Board in 1926, Congress authorized a five-year aircraft building program. The number of planes for the Navy was set at one thousand. It was expected that planes would need replacement every three years. It was also expected that the Navy would require five years to reach the thousand-plane limit. But we (Continued on page 48)

FAREWELL *to*

By

Albert Curtis

*Illustration by
J. Clinton Shepherd*

REMEMBER the nights are made for sleeping," cautioned Dr. L. H. Webb, Manager of the Veterans Hospital at Legion, Texas, as he bade me goodbye. "And don't worry," he added, kindly, "for if anything does happen, you can always come back."

I felt encouraged. For I had just confided to Dr. Webb that at last I was going to live outside hospital walls but that because I had been a tuberculosis patient for six years I was a little fearful of completely "checking out," even though I had been on the domiciliary ward for more than a year, and had been gradually increasing my "up" period.

Dr. Webb nodded understandingly. He assured me that I was ready.

Later, after I had definitely settled in San Antonio, seventy miles from Legion, Dr. Webb wrote me: "Please do not hesitate to keep in touch with me. I want you to feel that I am taking a personal interest in your making good in your chosen profession." More courage!

After my farewell to Dr. Webb, I dropped in the adjoining office, where Dr. C. L. Moore, Clinical Director, expressed his confidence that I could make the grade on the outside. "You have a clear record, Curtis," he said, glancing through my voluminous chart. "Just keep up the afternoon rest hour for a while. You'll be all right. Let me hear how you're getting along." Again I felt encouraged.

I am in the office of Miss Alice B. Eads, Director of Occupational Therapy. She has skillfully encouraged me to go on with my typing, my stories, my study of Spanish.

"I am very glad for you, Curtis," Miss Eads says. "You've earned this. It's a forward step. I hope you have all the luck in the world."

I shake hands with her, and then with her two assistants, Mrs. L. H. Moore and Mrs. C. L. Campbell. But my leave-taking seems so dream-like, so unreal. Never again shall I come down to the occupational therapy shop and do my typing after breakfast. Never again shall I see the little O. T. garden with its violets, zinnias, snap-dragons and poppies.

I am in the 9,000-volume Legion library now, where the librarian, Miss Mildred McWhorter, is the admiration of all patients.

"Going?" said my former ward-doctor, White, lifting his bushy eyebrows. "Say, you're doing a wise thing, Curtis. For the longer you stay, the more difficult it is to get away. That's the way it is with all you old chronic cases, my boy!"

Dear old Dr. C. I. P. White, as we all familiarly called him—he was forever labeling us with all sorts of high-sounding and technically-phrased words, among which was C. I. P. We laughed with him, and at him, and loved him, too.

I go to Recreation Hall, where I had played much bridge, waiting for the present opportunity to break. There is Miss Alma G. Christ, Recreation Director.

SOME of the Problems of Life "On the Outside" As Seen by One Who Is Facing It Alone After Six Years As a Ward of a Grateful Uncle Sam

"You leaving, Curtis? Boy, you're lucky! Sure are. I'll be missing you, Curtis, you sure have been a great help to me. Good luck, Curtis, you deserve it, sure do."

It is my last day in the hospital. I make the rounds of the wards, beginning at the Infirmary with my good friend Joe Hight. He has taught me so much. Order, value of schedule, quiet friendliness, love of flowers. I have always admired him. He has such exemplary patience. Except for one half hour a day he has not left his bed in seven years.

Here is his roommate, Cowboy Merriman, who matches this name in good humor and disposition. Once he rode the range, branded cattle, sang good old cowboy songs over campfires at night.

George—Smiling George, we call him—the stamp collector, drifts into the room. We sit around and talk. My going still seems dreamlike, so very important for me, and yet so casual, as if I were merely saying: "Well, so long, boys, I'll be seeing you to-



HOSPITALS



"Lots of luck to you!" the nurse called.
"You'll be all right!"

morrow." I shake hands with them all. They wish me good luck. I wish I could take them all with me.

I go to the other wards, say goodbye to my fellow-patients, doctors, nurses, orderlies, and now I am on my own Ward 10 for the last time. I have turned in my books, my O. T. supplies. My friend Coleman will turn in my bed linens, towels and hospital pajamas at the end of two weeks if I do not return. My furlough is made out—everyone knows that I am actually "checking out." My suitcases are packed, my bus ticket is in my pocket. I look around my room. It looks strange, empty, un-

familiar, just as if I had never seen it before.

I go to the end of the ward, shaking hands with all of the boys. From room to room, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye. How kind everyone has been! At the door Miss Annie Laurie Gaston, friendly and competent nurse, waves goodbye with a pleasant observation:

"Lots of luck to you!
You'll be all right."

On the bus, enroute for San Antonio, I cannot keep from crying. I say to myself: "Let the tears run for a minute, old boy, and thank your lucky stars that you have made enough improvement to say farewell to hospitals."

Out of the window, the Texas sun splashes the hills and fields with white gold. It is a good omen. And as I get nearer to San Antonio, almost like a prayer the thought comes

to me that if I can make the first three months out safely, I shall have little difficulty in making a complete rehabilitation into civilian life.

Those first three months are over already.

The first days in San Antonio, however, did not calm my fears, for the weather was boisterously temperamental. Northerners blew, rain fell in torrents, and then came dust storms.

Then, at the end of my second civilian week, spring dashed into San Antonio with the suddenness and beauty of a bird swinging down from the sky. Peach and plum trees blossomed together, the purple flags opened, the pink and white larkspur and the blue corn-flowers were like invitations to the others soon to come, while the green of the suddenly-leaved trees cascaded in waves about the red-tiled roofs.

Now at last, after six years, I am officially out, for I did not ask for an extension of my furlough. It seemed, then, like an unusually brave decision, even though the doctors had assured me that it was right for me to make a place for myself in the world. Now this move seems perfectly natural, and a further climb up the ladder of health. For now that my hospital days are over, the entire experience seems like climbing a ladder, rung by rung, always higher, and for me, I feel, this process will continue in civilian life. For there is much to learn, and there are many hospital habits to unlearn.

Those first days in San Antonio still seem a little fabulous—like something a magician has pulled out of his hat of life.

One of the first things I noticed in San Antonio was the complete contrast to the quiet, protected (Continued on page 44)

Shall the LEGION remain NON-

By

Vilas H. Whaley

*Chairman, National Legislative Committee,
The American Legion*

ON SEPTEMBER 23-26, there will assemble in the city of St. Louis the greatest gathering of World War veterans in the history of The American Legion. Accompanied by their wives, sons and daughters, they will come from every city and hamlet in this nation, from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific Coast, and from the winding course of the Rio Grande to the borders of the Dominion of Canada.

Into the beautiful Missouri metropolis, the heart of America, they will come by river packet and rail, by air and by motor. Awaiting them in St. Louis will be a rousing welcome as that city pours out its traditional hospitality without limit. The occasion will be the Seventeenth Annual National Convention of The American Legion, back in the city on the banks of the Mississippi where this mighty organization first laid down the sound principles which have been its unfailing guide through the years since that caucus in 1919.

These are serious minded men who will meet in St. Louis. They represent the finest type of American citizenship, and coming from every community and State, they are deeply interested in the social and economic welfare of the whole country. It is well for the country as well as the Legion that the men who will come to this convention are of such a high type, because they will be confronted with many questions of paramount importance to themselves and to every American citizen.

One of the questions the veterans have been told will be presented to this convention possibly is the most important any convention of The American Legion ever has been called upon to decide. That question is: Shall we continue to have the right to speak for ourselves or are our actions to be dictated by political office-holders who seek to set themselves up as self-appointed dictators of Legion policy.

The charter of our organization, granted by the Congress, stipulates that we shall be "non-political and as an organization shall not promote the candidacy of any person seeking public office." Obviously, the intent of the Congress in writing this language into our charter was that neither should any persons holding public office use The American Legion for the promotion of their own political fortunes and ideas. There is a reason for this—much that is of vital interest to the welfare of the veteran is the result of legislation enacted by our national Congress.

Let us take, for example, the much-discussed question of the immediate payment of the Adjusted Compensation Certificates, so carefully considered at our Miami convention. Every member of the Legion knows

what that action was—that The American Legion stands uncompromisingly for the immediate payment of the full face value of the Adjusted Compensation Certificates. And every Legionnaire knows just what steps were taken to carry this mandate to a successful and prompt conclusion. Every Legionnaire further knows why the President's veto of this legislation was sustained in the Senate on May 23d, and who was responsible for that defeat of the veterans.

Because the National Commander and the National Legislative Committee of The American Legion dared to have introduced in the Congress a bill which confined itself solely to the one question of obtaining justice for the veterans, because they dared to carry the Miami mandate out to the letter, certain Members of Congress, who also are members of the Legion, waged a campaign of abuse against the Commander and members of the Committee in an effort to force the Legion to depart from its traditional and established policy to allow Congress to raise money in the manner Congress sees fit.

These members of the Congress insisted upon attaching to a simple legislative proposal "expansion of the currency," the "issuance of Treasury notes," in order to raise the funds incident to payment of the certificates. Even after the defeat of the legislation as a result of the inclusion of this provision in the bill, some of these same Legionnaire Congressmen continued to wage a public campaign of abuse against the National Commander and the members of the National Legislative Committee, apparently in an effort to shift the responsibility for its defeat from their own shoulders.



**General Gorgas Post
of Birmingham, Alabama, has erected
forty signs like this in its home city to im-
press upon motorists
the need for careful
driving. Shown are
Post Commander Ar-
mour and Chief of
Police Hollums**

POLITICAL?



Cook County Council of The American Legion provided 100,000 Chicagoans with the assorted thrills of an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration in Soldier Field. Seventy tons of modern fireworks were set off after an elaborate general program

No more prophetic words were ever spoken than those of Legionnaire Congressman Fred M. Vinson, author of the Legion's bill, when in the debate in the House on March 19th, in response to a question by Congressman Wright Patman, author of the currency expansion bill, he said:

"I say to you that unless you divorce currency expansion from cash payment you will have to go back and tell the boys, 'Well, we fought a good fight; we did the best we could; but you haven't got your money yet.'"

In a statement which he inserted in the *Congressional Record* as late as July 8th, but did not make from the floor of the House, Mr. Patman apparently sought to explain his public attacks upon the Legion by accusing National Commander Belgrano of having attacked him first. The record proves this to be untrue. On January 15th, the day after the Vinson Bill was introduced, the *New York Times* published the following:

"An opinion prevailed among Congress members with long experience with the bonus issue that much less difficulty would

be encountered in getting the Vinson measure passed than the Patman currency expansion plan. . . .

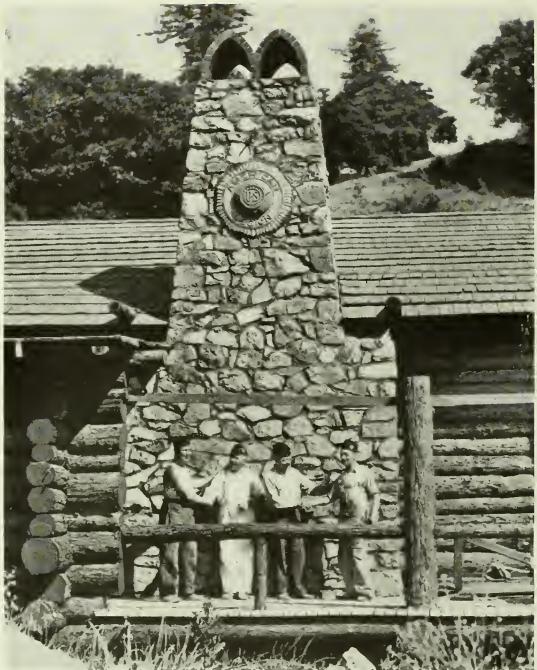
"In making known his opposition to the Vinson Bill, Mr. Patman quoted Napoleon as saying: 'The way to beat 'em is to divide 'em!'"

In contrast to this attitude displayed by Mr. Patman, your National Commander issued the following statement the next day:

"It is unfortunate that there should be misunderstanding among veterans in connection with House Bill No. 3806, better known as The American Legion bill for the payment of the Adjusted Service Certificates, which was introduced on Monday, January 14th, by Congressman Fred M. Vinson, Legionnaire member from Kentucky.

"The bill does not specify the method by which the Congress shall make the necessary funds available. It embodies all of the provisions in the mandate adopted at The American Legion national convention held in Miami. For many years it has been the Legion's duty to recommend to the Congress expenditures

BY THEIR deeds are the 11,000 Posts of The American Legion known in their own communities. The accompanying photographs show typical Legion Post activities in town and country—works which are building for the Legion that background of public confidence upon which it bases its national legislative activities described in this article



The building of The American Legion-Boy Scout Cabin in San Anselmo, California, was a community accomplishment of the first order. Legionnaires, Boy Scouts, citizens generally all helped in the project. The cabin walls are of redwood logs

for the care and rehabilitation of the World War disabled. We have also recommended expenditures for the construction of adequate hospital facilities for their care. In no instance has the Legion endeavored to assume the prerogatives of Congress itself by recommending the method which Congress should employ in making funds available for these purposes.

"In its recommendation for the immediate cash payment of the Adjusted Service Certificates as a relief and recovery measure, the Legion fully understands that the authority for raising the necessary funds to make this law effective rests solely in the hands of Congress, originating in the House of Representatives and concurred therein by the Senate. The Legion has no quarrel with the proponents of any other bills now before the Congress asking for the immediate payment of the Adjusted Service Certificates, of which there are some twenty-five, but desires to comply with the recommendation adopted at its last national convention. The American Legion will abide by the decision of the Congress as to the method and manner of providing funds for payment."

In this same article which Mr. Patman caused to have inserted in the *Congressional Record*, he assumes to step forth as a would-be director of Legion policy. He indicts not only the honesty and loyalty of the Legion's national officers, but every Department official and every delegate and alternate who has ever attended a national convention. He falsely accuses them of misrepresenting the rank and file in return for promises of lucrative

jobs at National Headquarters and in return for having their expenses paid to national conventions.

As a Legionnaire, Mr. Patman must know that such statements are not true. In the first instance, there are less than twenty appointive positions at National Headquarters, and these usually are held by the same employee for a number of years. With regard to convention expense accounts, delegates and alternates pay their own way, or have them paid by their Department or post. It is a reflection upon all delegates for the Congressman to intimate that their expenses are paid by the national organization in return for favors. In fact, there is no such fund, as Mr. Patman suggests, at the disposal of the National Commander to pay the expenses of "a large group" to the conventions. Such intimations will be resented by all good Legionnaires.

It probably is natural that Mr. Patman is greatly agitated over the fact that the press of the nation almost universally agreed that the payment of the Adjusted Compensation Certificates was defeated by the inclusion in the bill of his currency expansion theory. Seemingly in an effort to draw attention from this situation, he recently quoted a paragraph from an article which appeared in the *National Legionnaire* and bitterly criticized it as a new attack upon him by Legion officials. What he failed to explain was that this article was originally written by a prominent Washington correspondent, Mr. Carlisle Bargeron, and was published in newspapers throughout the country.

The article in question so clearly interpreted and expressed the true situation in Washington, and so closely represented the general tone of the press, that it was republished in the *National Legionnaire* with the permission of Mr. Bargeron. This article was written immediately after the Senate passed the Patman Bill.



Under the heading "The Real Casualty," Mr. Bargeron said:

"The fellow who really got hurt in yesterday's bonus debacle in the Senate was Mr. Wright Patman, a Congressman from Texas, who for several years has been the veterans' fair-haired boy and who has adorned their meetings all over the country. The chances are that he won't adorn their meetings any more.

"When you realize what has been done to Wright, in fact, you feel shaky and uncertain of the future and become interested in the security legislation. Here was a fellow going along like wild-fire. There seemed no limit to how far he could go. Certainly he seemed assured of his present \$10,000-a-year job for many years to come. Then, bang, out of the clear sky,

comes a bolt which makes his future very uncertain indeed.

"When the veterans learn that although the Senate passed a bonus bill they are to get no bonus after all, they will in all likelihood put their finger right on Wright. Because they have been told by The American Legion since the very beginning of the fight that just what happened yesterday would be the result. . . .

"The Administration leaders are confident . . . that the veto of the Patman bill will be sustained, as yesterday's vote showed, and that the bonus is dead. And it probably is . . . It will certainly leave Wright in a pretty fix. . . .

"The Legion implored him not to press his bill. It was known that the forces behind it were inflationary forces and not those really concerned in the bonus. The situation in the Senate had cleared to the point of where it could be seen the Vinson bill could be passed over a veto and that the Patman inflationary bill could not.

"If Wright was in the Senate yesterday he must have felt sick when he saw the enthusiasm with which the Administration forces jockeyed his bill to passage. They were not friends of the bill."

True to every prediction that was made throughout the fight, when the Senate sustained the veto and killed the Patman Bill, the supporters of that measure rushed into print, mostly through the *Congressional Record*, with explanations. In the case of Mr. Patman, he iterated and reiterated in solemn tones many times over that the method of payment was only secondary to him; that his principal interest was that of obtaining payment of the veterans' certificates. This is indeed interesting, not only from the standpoint of his actions during the fight, but his position after the legislation had been killed. Let us examine the record on that for a moment.

On July 8th, through the unlimited pages of the *Congressional Record*, he said:

"We are only secondarily, as we have always been, interested in the method of payment. We stand ready and are on the alert

during this session of Congress to take advantage of any opportunity that will permit us to secure the passage of a law that will pay these certificates."

On the very day these remarks appeared in the *Congressional Record*, Mr. Patman and his allies were given an opportunity to prove their sincerity—to prove that the method of payment was only secondary and that they were "on the alert" to secure the passage of legislation. On this date Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., filed a petition in the House to discharge the Appropriations Committee from further consideration of his resolution to pay immediately the certificates "according to the plan laid down in the so-called Vinson Bill, out of the appropriation for Public Works."

Eight days later, on July 16th to be specific, Mr. Patman in a twenty-minute speech on the floor of the House opposed vigorously the effort being made by Mr. Fish, on account of the "method" contained in his resolution, although the practice of filing a petition to take legislation out of the hands of a committee has been Mr. Patman's favorite procedure. Indeed, he filed a petition to take his own bill out of the hands of the Ways and Means Committee. Every veteran can judge for himself whether Mr. Patman was solely interested in "payment" and not in "method." He was the first Member to raise his voice in opposition when the question of immediate payment again came before the House.

In the continuation of his attack, Mr. Patman brings in another question in a manner which seems to suggest an effort to discredit National Commander Belgrano and attribute to him dishonest motives. The facts in this case are at such variance with Mr. Patman's apparent insinuations that they are worthy of consideration here. Mr. Patman refers to testimony before a Congressional investigating committee regarding the alleged presence of a so-called "sound-money committee" at the Legion's Chicago convention.

In the first place, the person who gave this testimony is now dead, therefore he cannot be called to (Continued on page 42)



New colors that will be held high for years to come. The color guard and its escort of Joseph Young Hawk Post at Elbowoods, South Dakota, as well as all the members of the post, are First Americans—Indian veterans of the World War



"and then, right

YOUR Big Moment is worth money!

The American Legion Monthly offers five hundred dollars a month to its readers for the best short stories of experiences in which they participated, either as actor or observer. The experience may have come during the World War, or before or since.

It may well be that not one but several thrilling things have happened to you or to those about you. Tell us about them.

In 1930 the Monthly's first Big Moment Contest ran for six months and attracted nearly 11,000 contestants. The staff of the magazine believes now, five years later, that no more vivid writing has been offered to our generation than the 162 tales, each of fewer than 250 words, which divided the awards.

This time there are no time limits for the action of the story or stories you send in. The only requirement is that the thing must actually have happened and that you participated in it or saw it happen. There are still untold stories—dramatic, tragic, embarrassing, heart-rending, even ridiculous—about those tremendous nineteen months from April, 1917, to the Armistice. Tell us about them. But peace has its stories no less than war, and maybe your Big Moment happened in peacetime—before or since the big ruckus. Tell us about it.

Some of the stories which won prizes in the

*H*E'S Telling Them About One Too. Tell This You'll Be Entered in a New

first Big Moments contest were these, in brief:

A French woman, blind twelve years, suddenly realizes, while attending a doughboy minstrel show, Christmas Day, that she can see.

An unidentified private soldier of the United States Army inspires a group of men to go forward near Sergy in August, 1918, when it appears that the Germans have gained the upper hand in battle with American units.

An ambulance driver tells of how a wounded German prisoner he was transporting saved his life at the risk of his own when the American tumbled into a French canal.

A soldier who lost his voice because of gas gets it back when the loud whisper he hoped to emit as warning to a French soldier in danger of being hit by a locomotive, turns into a yell.

An Auxiliare tells the thrill that came to her and her husband as they adopted an orphan whose father, a Rainbow Division veteran, had died in hospital.

A motorcycle rider roaring along in the dead of night nearly sixty miles an hour suddenly



out ahead of us -

His Big Moment. You Had Magazine About It and \$500 Monthly Prize Contest

finds a double rank of Negro soldiers drawn up in company front directly in his path, and drives between the ranks in safety.

Taps is sounded in the Argonne by the brother of the soldier who is being buried, six thousand miles from home.

A runner carries a message to a battalion in the midst of terrific hand-to-hand fighting. It directs the sending of men to an Army school.

When brakes fail and their car plunges down a curving icy road at Chamonix, a couple of soldiers miraculously drape their car around a rock at the edge of a precipice, and are saved.

A hardboiled M. P. colonel in a Georgia camp, mistaken by a top sergeant for a pestering corporal, gets thrown out of the top sergeant's tent into the night, and lets it go at that.

THESE are bare outlines of a few of the 162 stories that won in 1930. What will the 1935 harvest be? The Monthly thinks it can be even better than that of 1930. So—

For the best Big Moment stories, *none more*

than two hundred and fifty words long, it will pay \$500 monthly—a first prize of \$100 for what, in the opinion of the editors, is the best story submitted, \$50 each for the next two, \$25 each for the next four, and \$10 each for the next twenty. The contest is open to everyone except employees of The American Legion Monthly. Contributions submitted will be judged not by their literary finish or lack of it, but by the quality and interest of their contents. No contribution will be returned, nor can the editors of the Monthly (whose decision in every case will be final) enter into correspondence about them. Contributions need not be typewritten, though typing is preferred. Address Big Moment Contest, The American Legion Monthly, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Submit as many stories as you like as often as you like, but do not enclose more than one story in a single envelope. Write on one side of the sheet only, and put name and address in upper right-hand corner of each sheet. Be sure your story does not contain more than 250 words.

The first instalment of prize-winning Big Moment stories will be printed in the November issue. Contributions intended for that number must be mailed to reach New York not later than September 10th. All contributions received after that date will be considered for later instalments of prize-winning stories.



OLD MAN RIVER WAKES UP

By THOMAS J. MALONE



IN THE early days of the floating lumber raft on the upper Mississippi River, Lake Pepin was the bane of all raftsmen. The lake, a widening of the river between Minnesota and Wisconsin about twenty-eight miles long and three to five across, had then, as now, almost no current. Before it was found that steamboats could be used to tow rafts, massed acres of lumber were propelled slowly through the lake by oars manned by sweating, cursing raftsmen. With an adverse wind, rowing got nowhere and the resort was to hand-hauling. Men went ahead of the raft in a yawl, carrying an anchor and paying out several hundred feet of rope—"line" to a river man. The anchor was dropped. The raft end of the line had been attached to a capstan. Husky men worked the capstan. The raft was drawn up to the anchor. The procedure was repeated. It sometimes took days, and untold profanity, to hand-haul through Pepin.

After a while, beginning in 1844, steamboat men specialized in towing rafts through the lake, letting them go it alone thereafter. It was a generation before they learned how to make such towing practical and profitable not only for slack water but for the entire course of the river down to St. Louis, the center of the great rafting business.

WHEN they finish lifting the face of the Mississippi, such a tow-boat as the Patrick J. Hurley, shown above, will be pretty common. For with twenty-seven man-made lakes providing a channel for navigation between the Falls of St. Anthony in Minneapolis and the mouth of the Missouri, the river will see at least a partial return to the days of its glory. Or won't it? Opinions differ

Eventually most rafts, both lumber and log, were towed to that gateway of the Mississippi Valley or to cities on the way to it. What had been regarded as an obstacle to transportation had spurred men to a complete revolutionizing of rafting methods.

The great pine forests of the Mississippi headwaters have been cut and the rafting industry is no more; but Lake Pepin has kept right on at the old stand. It saw the rise, expansion and decline of the steamboat era on the upper river—the days of the raft-towing steamers, of the gorgeous packets, of the showboats, of the inrush of pioneers and settlers who peopled the Northwest. It saw pass by a record raft of more than nine million feet of lumber, the equivalent of about nine hundred carloads. It saw the river go dead before the advance of an aggressive railroad competition. It saw little towns on its shores wax prosperous

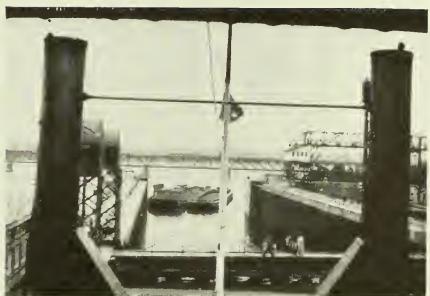
and important because of river traffic, then become dormant when it ceased: Bay City, Maiden Rock and Stockholm, Wisconsin; and Read's Landing, Minnesota. It continued to be a wide, deep, currentless pool, offering, possibly, an object lesson to navigators.

Today the United States Government is engaged in a program calling for building immense concrete dams, each with accompanying locks, in the Mississippi between the Falls of St. Anthony in Minneapolis, head of navigation, and the mouth of the Missouri River, twenty-four in all, which, with three dams already built, will divide the 650-mile stretch of river into twenty-seven "Lake Pepins"—great pools of slack water. These dams are designed to raise the water level to assure a permanent minimum nine-foot channel and invite a revival of transportation of bulk goods by use of the modern steel towboat and steel barge. Barges of 3,000-ton capacity are in use even now, in good stages of water. The pool formed by each dam will extend virtually to the dam above it. The handicap of upstream navigation will be largely eliminated.

The navigation channel is a meandering trough in the bottom of the river, deeper than other parts and varying in width but often narrow. Sometimes it is near the middle line of the stream; sometimes it hugs one bank, then the other. It is constantly shifting. The federal Government for some years has sought to maintain a six-foot channel in the upper river by dredging and regulation by wing dams, but the depth in spots has fallen at times to five feet or less. The channel is indicated by buoys, many of them lighted, and by markers on shore.

In the present project, the Government considered and ruled against trying to deepen the trough by dredging and diking only, or by use, in addition, of storage reservoirs at sites along the river and certain tributaries. Instead, it is making over the river itself, "canalizing" it. It is creating a nine-foot channel by putting the river under control, as the Ohio has been controlled by use of a different type of dam.

Let us leave the canalization project for a moment, to return to it presently. Early in the century, with the North Woods



One of the completed locks, at Keokuk, Iowa, through the smokestacks of a steamer about to be sent through. Left, a section of the dam at Trempealeau, Wisconsin



timber gone, the Upper Mississippi became an idle river. It now has no passenger service whatever, except for summer stands at the larger cities by an occasional excursion steamer. Some tonnage is moved yearly by private carriers. The Inland Waterways Corporation, an agency of the War Department, through its operation of the Federal Barge Lines for eight years has maintained on the upper river a fleet of towboats and barges. The present fleet is outgrowth of equipment taken over from the Upper Mississippi Barge Line Company, an organization of business men in cities along the river. The latter, after withdrawing from operation, continued to exist as a promoting body.

The Federal Barge Lines has service on the Lower Mississippi also, as have a number of private concerns, and on some of the tributaries. Its operation is an experiment, a temporary entry of Government into business, to demonstrate to shippers and private capital that river transportation (Continued on page 40)



Neither a feast of waters like this along the Mississippi's upper reaches, in the floods of last spring, nor a fast such as summer often brings is likely to hamper the river once engineers get the big job completed

GIVE *the* LITTLE

By James J. Braddock
World's Heavyweight Champion

IT WAS, I believe right after his first victory over Jack Dempsey that a reporter said to Gene Tunney, "Well, Gene, now that you're champion of the world, how does it feel?" "Champion, yes," replied the ex-marine, "and now my troubles begin." No one will deny that Tunney had plenty of headaches while he ruled the heavyweight roost.

I don't expect this business of being

yourself to a promoter is another and a much harder task, and few if any fighters ever got far without a smart pilot. Joe and I have been the perfect fight team. Ours is another story of the Hebrew and the Irishman. Joe does all the talking and I do all the fighting. I feel that you should know the little fellow who sold me to the world when all the experts and wise guys of the boxing game thought me a washed-up, slow, paunchy heavyweight.

Joe Gould is a mite of a chap standing a little over five feet, with blue eyes, light hair and tireless energy. He was born at Poughkeepsie, New York, thirty-nine years ago. His folks moved to New York City when he was a kid and he attended public school in Manhattan. When he was thirteen his family, like my own, moved to Jersey City, New Jersey, where he finished high school. He had always been attracted to boxing and would act as pail-carrier at the local boxing arenas. Then along came the war. I was twelve years old and was just a flag waver. Joe decided he would like to be a sailor. He joined the Navy and was sent to Newport, Rhode Island. He became a seaman second class and was shipped to Bayonne,

heavyweight champion is going to be all peaches and cream, but I can say this, that with a little fellow at my side like Joe Gould, my manager, I think it's going to be a lot easier. You all know what it is to have a buddy by your side when the chow is short and the going the toughest, and to Joe Gould I must give the credit for my being the heavyweight champion of the world. Sometimes in the cheering and celebrating the important people are forgotten.

Just before the Baer fight the New York Boxing Commission asked us about our contract and was surprised to learn that a contract between us had never existed. They insisted that I sign one immediately, setting forth that Gould was my legal manager, and asked me how long it should be for. I replied they could make it for twenty-five years or life as far as I was concerned, and that is just how I felt about it. Little did the boxing bosses or the rest of the world realize what a great friendship ours has been over a long stretch of years and how we've gone through the ups and downs together. Writers have often described Joe as the fight manager of fiction, but under it all they have failed to see the genuine Gould, the pal and advisor. Enthusias-

New Jersey, to join a tanker. He sailed for France, but after a few days out forty-five men out of a crew of sixty-five were stricken with the flu and the ship was forced to return to the Charlestown Navy Yard. He and the crew were sent to Framingham, Massachusetts, where he did duty until the Armistice. Joe is a member of Advertising Men's Post of The American Legion in New York.

When Joe was discharged he returned to New York City and worked as a clerk in Wall Street until the crash sunk that job. He then worked as a railroad switchman in Jersey City, but the ring again attracted him and he started to manage fighters. It was during this period that we became acquainted. I was then a skinny heavyweight and trying my hand at professional boxing. Joe liked my boxing and then started to encourage me. Up to that time my older brother had been doing my matchmaking. Having three brothers who were boxing and having been amateur light heavyweight and heavyweight champion of New Jersey, I was determined to make boxing my life's work.



tic, patient, and ambitious, he never once doubted that I would reach the top.

Managing a fighter into a world's title is no job for a mild-mannered, easy-going party. To box is one thing, but to sell



Joe

The going was tough in my light heavyweight days and Joe kept me busy. Our big break came in 1928 when he matched me to fight Tuffy Griffiths, the tough boy from Chicago who up until he met me had quite a knockout record. Joe convinced me that he could be stopped and I turned the trick in the second round. This victory was the spark for my pal, for he then moved right into Madison Square Garden and sat in Promoter Jimmy Johnston's lap and never stopped shouting my worth. The following year I stopped Jimmy Slattery and then the boxing world knew that I could hit and many did not want to meet up with my right. Our great break came in 1934 when Baer relieved Carnera of the heavyweight title. Things were low for both Joe and myself, but in our darkest days he had never lost hope that I could come back and reach the top. I was then on relief and could only get work a few days a week on the docks handling railroad ties. My hands were not in the best of shape and with but three days' notice I was signed to meet Corn Griffin, a hard hitting Southern heavyweight who was being groomed to move into the big time. Joe called me on the phone and



told me to get to a gym and box and I did for one day and the other two I spent doing roadwork. It was our big chance. We were to fight the semi-final to the big bout. Griffin put me on the floor with a

MAN a HAND

*As told to Grant Powers
who also drew the pictures*



Jimmy

hard right hand, but I got up and knocked him out. After this bout I told Joe that if I could hit like that after living on hash, I could murder some of the heavies with a few steaks under my belt.

That victory was all that Gould needed, and he haunted the offices of Madison Square Garden for weeks. When John Henry Lewis, the great colored heavyweight, came looking for a match little Joe was right there shouting, "How about Braddock?" Figuring that I wouldn't get by Lewis, they gave me the bout and I defeated him. Joe again haunted the Garden offices and when they were looking for a match for Art Lasky, who was about to be selected to meet Baer, little Joe started shouting, "How about Braddock?" Thinking that I'd never get by the tough Lasky they gave me him and I defeated him, much to everyone's surprise. I was then due to fight the winner of the Carnera-Schmeling match (which never came off as the German would not come over), and I was then picked by the boxing commission to meet Max for the title.

Before I was picked to meet Baer, my manager was again haunting Jimmy Johnston, the matchmaker, and as

Joe's utter disregard of the boxing critics before the Baer fight gave me the greatest encouragement. At the training camp he would arise with me at dawn, jump into his car and follow me in my roadwork. He would check on my meals and he hired the best heavyweight sparring partners in the country. Little Joe's faith in me was close to adoration. The whole world could not convince him that I wasn't a better man than Baer. During the fight he would whisper in my ear, "You gotta win this, Jim, he's a bum." In the wild twelfth round during a hot mixup near our corner when Max was forcing me against the ropes Joe shouted at Baer and the Californian turned his head to listen to my little manager and I nailed him with a hard right on the chin. We were so engrossed in slinging leather we forgot about the bell and Joe jumped into the ring and went for Baer. A cop was going to eject him, but the little

out in Chicago and told the manager of the Windy City battler that I was going to give his boy lumps. We arrived in the city two days before the bout and reported to the Illinois Boxing Commission. My opponent's manager came over to watch me work out in the gym and was



fellow kept on fighting for me and bawling out the cop.

There is not much about the old boxing game that Joe Gould is not up on. Knowing the other fellow's weakness certainly counts in the boxing game. Baer was always in the habit of getting the first word in when he met an opponent before a bout and little Joe had things all doped out when we went down to the boxing commission offices for the weighing-in party. Big Max had no more than entered the room when little Joe went after him. He warned Baer not to try any of his funny stunts with us and wound up by saying, "We'll pull your trunks down for you, big boy!" Baer was stopped dead and could only give us a silly grin. He had made some silly remark that he had hoped I was in good condition and he thought perhaps it would have been a lot kinder of him if he could send his kid brother, Buddy, to fight me. Joe never forgot that dig and that was one of the first things that he fired back at the Californian after his defeat.

When both manager and fighter start to pop off in this racket they are liable to get their signals crossed and make a lot of threats embarrassing the other party. We have but one quarterback on our team and Joe does all the signal calling. I remember when he signed me up to meet a tough Polish light-heavyweight

surprised to discover that I was not overladen with fat or muscle. He at once tried the old stunt of appealing to the boxing fathers that he was afraid that his boy would ruin me and that they shouldn't permit the bout to go on. His idea was a great one for it helped the show receive plenty of publicity, but caused Joe a little worry and we had to visit the boxing moguls again. They were convinced by the opposition's statement and declared that I would have to box a couple of opponents in a gym before them before they would sanction the fight. This I had to do and they were satisfied. This just raised Gould's temperature about twenty degrees and he had it in for the fighter and his manager, and he was in high dudgeon all during the bout. I don't remember much what he was trying to tell me between rounds, for if a manager ever received a tongue pasting little Joe certainly gave it to the other corner all night long. His shouting at and abusing the opposition had me all worked into a fighting heat and I sure gave that boy lumps. I bounced him off the canvas and the referee had to all but push me into the neutral corner. We never had any more trouble out in Chicago after that and the fight managers out there were careful what they said to little Joe whenever we came into the Windy City for a bout.

With all his fighting spirit Gould has a great sense of fairness. Few know what he had to put up with before we met Art Lasky, the bout which gave us the shot at the title. Lasky wasn't anxious to meet me for he thought that a win over me would not be glamorous enough to have the nation (Continued on page 60)



Jimmy said at a booster dinner before I won the title he was afraid to look under his bed in the morning for fear he would find Gould there shouting, "How about Braddock?"



WHERE DID YOU GET *that* CAP?

By Ed Carruth

Chairman, National Emblem Committee, The American Legion

THIERE could be no doubt about it, the twenty dollar bill was as good currency as Uncle Sam ever turned out. It lay in the folds of a neatly typewritten sheet of paper that carried this message:

"Please send immediately those ten caps I wrote you about. Enclosed is twenty dollars."

The name signed to the note was one of those that take up a number of pages in any American city directory—Smith or Jones, Brown or Williams, or Johnson. And the first name was just about as common—John or Thomas or William. And that was all. No street address, no other identifying mark. The envelope showed a postmark of the railway mail service on a Western railroad that runs through a half dozen States.

Five years later that twenty dollar bill became a part of the general fund of The American Legion. The Emblem Division of the Legion was four years old when it received that letter and it knew what a lot of grief can come to a mail-order business from improper addressing, so its mail sharpshooters were right on the job, and the files were combed for identifying clues. "I wrote you about" indicated an earlier letter, but there had been none.

For sixty months the Division kept hoping to receive a bitter complaint about its failure to supply ten Legion caps to somebody who would identify himself as the sender of two letters detailing sizes, where the caps were to be delivered, and when. Another six years have now been added and the mystery is still unsolved. And somewhere in the Rockies are nine men who for a long time listened to the alibis of a tenth who couldn't understand what those blankety-blank people in Indianapolis were thinking of, but who never did get around to asking.

Of course when articles are sent by mail there is perhaps one chance in ten thousand that errors of one sort or another will creep into the transaction, but the Emblem Division checks and re-checks all its orders to make certain that within the bounds of human frailty everything is absolutely right. Even so, its sales made across the glass cases in the Division's section at National Headquarters in Indianapolis have a finality that is impossible to achieve in mail transactions. Those over-the-counter sales form a very small percentage of the year's total. Delegations on their

way to or from a national convention form the bulk of the purchasers-in-person, but not a day goes by without some Legionnaire or Auxiliary member coming in to look and perhaps to buy.

One day last spring a man of about thirty-five wearing a Legion button came into the Division's offices and expressed a desire to see some of the Sons of The American Legion jewelry that is now available. It is a new departure, this Sons merchandise, but the same care is used in providing it as in Legion and Auxiliary goods, and it looks as if the Division would sell something more than \$10,000 worth of it this year.

The Auxiliary member in charge of the merchandise asked the Legionnaire if there was any particular commodity in which he was interested.

"I want to see some membership buttons," was his reply.

"Well," said the young woman, "we have two kinds of buttons, the type that screws into the lapel and the kind that pins on. The older boys like the lapel type and the younger boys usually prefer the other, so they can pin it on a sweater or lumberjack. How old is your boy?"

"My boy," the Legionnaire answered, "is six months old, but this button I want is for myself. You see, my father and I were both in the service and I belong with my youngster to the Sons while my father and I keep our membership in the Legion."

The Emblem Division sells merchandise of one kind or another to from fifty to seventy-five thousand people in the course of a



By their headgear you shall know them for Legionnaires, these members of the all-Japanese Commodore Perry Post recently formed in Los Angeles



A uniformed squad from East Lynn, Massachusetts, Post pays its Memorial Day tribute at the grave of a buddy

year and the profits it makes in these dealings go right back into the Legion's funds. Only the best of materials is used and the guarantee of satisfaction that goes with each purchase is not a mere coin-catching device to gull the unwary. You see, the customers of this business that grosses \$300,000 yearly are the owners of the business, and they've got to be satisfied.

The Division beats the big mail order houses by five days in getting merchandise to the customer. Sometimes it is asked to do even better than that, and though it doesn't claim it can accomplish miracles, if diligence will bring the desired result it is accomplished. Several hundred letters arrive at its offices every day, some of them very formal, business-like communications which say what they want to say and no more, but to which are clipped checks of a sizable amount. But there are others with the orders written on scraps of butcher paper or newspaper or on enveloped post cards, sometimes without an address and sometimes failing to give the details needed successfully to carry out the order. The cashier who opens the mail knows about that famous mystery letter of eleven years ago and before he routes a letter "through channels" he makes certain that envelope and contents are clipped together. If there is a wide discrepancy between the date given inside the letter and the postmark on the envelope the Division's letter acknowledging the order recalls this fact to the sender, and both letter and envelope are kept for any possible contingency. It isn't only in the comic strips that father carries an important letter in his pocket for a month and then tries to wriggle out of the resulting mess.

Three or four months ago the Division's cap factory sent out by mail a package of Legion caps to a town not far distant from Indianapolis. Ten days later came a bitter letter asking why the caps had not arrived. They had been urgently needed for some ceremonial occasion, and the writer of the letter of complaint

had been bawled out for falling down on the job. E. O. Marquette, who has been the Director of the Division's destinies since 1921, when it was less than a year old, knows what it is to take it on the chin in the matter of complaints even when everything has been done that is humanly possible. He wrote back asking the Legionnaire to check with his postmaster on the shipment, promising that if the investigation there failed to turn up the caps, he would start things on the sending end. If both investigations were fruitless, Marquette said, the Division would duplicate the order and stand the entire loss. Back by return mail Marquette got a letter. No chance of anything wrong on the receiving end, it said. Why, the postmaster was a personal friend and was absolutely certain the caps had not been received, and so on and so on. So Marquette went into shipping records and queried the postal officials at the shipping point—and found everything in proper order. Just as he was about to write asking the Legionnaire to make one more search came an apologetic letter saying the package had turned up. It was tucked down in a corner of a mailbag that supposedly had been emptied, and the discovery was made when the bag was spread out to be filled again.

The Division's catalogue of sixty-four pages lists scores of items members of the Legion and its affiliated bodies can buy—essentials such as Legion caps, post supplies, grave-markers; semi-essentials like essay and prize medals and school awards; semi-luxuries like watches and charms—and exquisite pieces of jewelry, pure luxuries that delight the feminine heart through their sheer beauty. Nowhere else is this merchandise available, for the Legion emblem is both patented and copyrighted, and the right to use it commercially is extended only after thorough investigation satisfies the Division that a given concern is trustworthy and of financial responsibility. A small percentage of the articles for sale are of the

(Continued on page 39)



LION'S TEETH, 10¢ *a bushel*

When Sidney L. Smith Post in Aberdeen, South Dakota, declared the dandelion a public enemy, it expected only a modest harvest. But Aberdeen boys whooped into battle, hauled in nineteen tons to post paymasters, almost drained the post treasury

ARE you prosaic or are you poetic? Has your temper a low boiling point? The test is what you do and what you say when on a dewy morning you find that your front lawn, which was wholly green the evening before, has overnight acquired a pattern of yellow bull's-eyes. If you are a poet, maybe you'll remember what Henry Ward Beecher wrote and restrain your profanity. He saw in the yellow dots "those golden kisses all over the cheeks of the meadow, querly called dandelions." And Oliver Wendell Holmes, who seems not to have done much weed-pulling on his own account, called them "sparks that have leaped from the kindling sun of summer." Then there was James Russell Lowell, who wrote a whole poem, "To The Dandelion" in which he spoke of the "dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way, fringing the dusty road with harmless gold." He called it also "First pledge of blithesome May, which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold, high-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they an Eldorado in the grass have found."

If you are no poet, you may be enough of a scientist to murmur speculatively "taraxacum taraxacum" when you see what you see, instead of saying under your breath something else starting with blankety-blank. The dandelion, says the dictionary, is a cichoriaceous plant of the genus and species taraxacum. Those old Greeks and Romans always had a name for everything. And so did the French.

The French, incidentally, gave us our own name for the dandelion. It must have been some hard-headed,

lawn-loving, weed-hating old Frenchman who first invented the epithet by which the world-wide weed is known today. He called it, we can imagine, *dent de lion*, tooth of the lion, after tugging desperately and long at the deep taproots of the imbedded weeds. So the practical English, and after them the Americans, simply





called the weed the dandelion, used it as a food and medicine.

Since somebody English-speaking first gave the dandelion a formal name it has been called almost everything informally. You yourself probably have invented a new name or two that wouldn't rank as poetic. But most of us have learned to take the weed philosophically, like the sales tax, rolled hosiery, tapioca, radio crooners and suchlike. Now and again the idea that anybody could do something about dandelions has been advanced, but up until this summer the idea always got thrown for a loss immediately after the kickoff, with the dandelions taking fresh courage and going through the defensive line for a new touchdown.

It took Sidney L. Smith Post of The American Legion in Aberdeen, South Dakota, really to do something about the dandelion. Sidney L. Smith Post had the idea and its squadron of the Sons of The American Legion did the doing. And with the sons of the post members, most of the other boys of work-hating age in Aberdeen.

The post's idea was elemental, very simple, to wit: That if enough dandelions were pulled from Aberdeen lawns there wouldn't be any more. Post Commander Bill Armour really supplied the dynamite cap that exploded all the latent boyish energy in Aberdeen and finally made the dandelion in his town as rare today as a member of the Dillinger gang. Commander Armour had the happy thought of offering boys ten cents a bushel for all the dandelions they would dig and deliver, roots and all, in a single day.



Newspapers announced the offer and Aberdeen boys got ready.

When Commander Armour first suggested the idea at a post meeting, the Legion statisticians figured the boys would probably bring in only two or three hundred bushels of dandelion scalps and roots. Wheelhorses of the Sons organization were designated to operate the scales in front of the post office and to put the weeds into sacks and barrels for disposal.

Sons of The American Legion Dandelion Day had scarcely started when the post members discovered their calculations were wrong. From all corners of the town came boys with toy wagons, baby carriages, push carts and bicycles. Whatever the vehicle, it held a basket or sack of dandelions. Many hauled dandelions in automobiles. One youngster showed up early with twenty bushels of the weeds on a truck. As quickly as each boy collected, back he went for a fresh onslaught on the lawn enemy. The post treasurer watched his bag of silver coins disappear, made trip after trip to a bank window to replenish his supply of money.

Legionnaire S. J. Hirsch reports that never before had such an outburst of boyish energy been witnessed in town. And the girls also joined the crusade.

"One girl of five showed up clutching with one hand a large paper bag full of dandelions, her other hand guiding a tiny brother whose contribution was a large bouquet," writes Mr. Hirsch. "A six-year-old boy borrowed all his mother's butcher knives and started out, but in the course of his travels discovered workmen digging the pest from the lawn around the Milwaukee depot. He sat down and waited until the men had gathered a large pile. Then he heaped the pile on his wagon, hurried to the post office and collected his money. At noon he took the knives back to his mother, told her he didn't need them because he had found some men who were digging for him. He'll be a capitalist some day."

"The Legionnaires at the dandelion depot encountered some quarreling, much pathos and lots of comedy. But enthusiasm was the dominant note. For hours the steady stream of youngsters from all parts of the city kept coming with their treasure, their Eldorado from the grass. There were plenty of contenders for an extra prize of one dollar, given to the boy who delivered the most bushels.

"At 6 o'clock, instead of the anticipated two or three hundred



Old stuff maybe, the bathing beauty contest, but not when twenty girls like these faced the judges in Hillsborough County's American Legion Fourth of July celebration at Tampa, Florida



bushels there were 2,300 bushels, nineteen tons of dandelions, piled up in front of the post office. Sixteen trucks hauled them to the city dump and the net weight per truck load was 2,375 pounds. Post financiers surveyed an expenditure of \$230, but counted it well spent. Ben Fowler, 13, was the boyhood Croesus of Dandelion Day, \$0.30 richer at sunset than at dawn. He harvested 83 bushels, collected the extra dollar for high score."

Candy stores did a landoffice business on the day after. There was also an unprecedented demand for new baseball bats and gloves. But the savings banks gained a lot of new depositors. Many a boy had a new gleam in his eye. Householders with no dandelion-pullers under their own rooftrees received offers of continuing lawn care on a contract basis. All Aberdeen resounded with praise for its Legion post.

Department Commanders' Banquet

Each year the Commanders and Adjutants of all the Departments get together in Indianapolis for their November conference. Back home, the Department Commander may be Napoleonic if he wishes, but making what often is his first visit to National Headquarters he finds that his Department Adjutant, veteran of many conferences there, has one night changed from a meek to an uppity fellow. All the Department Adjutants belong to a Soviet. This Soviet gives a dinner for all the Department Commanders. Each Department Commander is privileged to buy the tickets for himself and his Adjutant. He is apt to be shocked at the goings-on when the irreverent Adjutants put their Commanders on the spot.

Last November the Department Commanders organized a club of their own, and now Department Commander William A. Kitchen of Missouri is arranging for the first annual banquet of the Department Commanders Club to be held in the ballroom

of the Statler Hotel in St. Louis on Sunday evening, September 22d, the day before the national convention opens. The banquet is to be an annual affair. All present and past Department Commanders are eligible to

Hollywood (California) Post cheered its Sons of The American Legion Band when it came back from the 1934 department convention with four prizes. Recently the post made final payment of \$81,000 on its \$300,000 clubhouse, celebrated by burning the mortgage

the club. National Commander Belgrano will make an address at the banquet but all other ambitious speakers are to be chained to their chairs. Four hundred men are expected to attend.

Pioneer Emergency Unit

IRA LOU SPRING POST of Jamestown, New York, is proud of the fact that it organized an emergency unit for disaster rescue and relief work in December, 1926, and it claims the honor of being the first post in the United States to organize and equip such a unit. In a peaceful valley at the eastern end of Lake Chautauqua, Jamestown seems far removed from every sort of disaster threat, but five times since it was organized Ira Lou Spring Post's unit has been called into action to fight menaces to its community. In 1930 it worked valiantly when a sleet storm paralyzed Jamestown for days. On three occasions it mobilized to help fight serious fires.

In the normally tranquil month of July Jamestown's unit once more went into action. In the automobiles and trucks with which it has provided itself, carrying the elaborate equipment which it has been getting together for eight years, it moved as a flying squadron of relief across two counties to the city of Hornell. That city had fallen victim to the flood waters of the Chenango River after a series of cloudbursts had devastated a wide section of the State.

Forty-one Jamestown Legionnaires under Dr. Harold A. Blaisdell, Post Commander, and Mobilization Officer Frederick P. Rogers carried on at Hornell the work they had been training to do. And with them were emergency relief units from almost all other Legion posts in central New York, which had answered the call of Department Commander John Dwight Sullivan. Never has the Legion better demonstrated its ability to respond adequately to the call of disaster.

The storm which brought a deluge to Hornell inundated also sections of such important cities as Binghamton, Oneonta, Marathon, Ithaca and Watkins Glen. The newspapers and the newsmen let the country know at the time the true magnitude of this flood



disaster, but the story of what the Legion did in each stricken community has not been widely told. A graphic account of the Legion's work, written by Edward J. Moran, Commander of Binghamton Post, appears elsewhere in this issue.

As the pioneer of all Legion emergency units, the unit at Jamestown affords a model for units everywhere. Mobilization Officer Rogers has prepared a lengthy mimeographed description of the unit which he will send to other posts upon request. This shows the divisions of the unit, the names, addresses and telephone numbers of each man and the branch to which he is assigned, the duties of each branch, the equipment available, instructions for mobilization and two operation plans. Included in the equipment are field and portable telephones, a five-meter radio transmitter and receiver, fire axes, crow bars, stretchers, blankets, first-aid kits and field kitchen utensils.

St. Louis to See Auto Ghosts

GHOSTS of pre-war automobiles will pass in review at St. Louis during the Legion's national convention, September 23d to 26th. Any wheezing, clanking, clucking motor car, ranking as an antique, still able to navigate under its own power, may compete at St. Louis for trophies offered by the Shell Petroleum Corporation. A prize will be awarded to the oldest car which travels 100 miles or more. Another prize will be given for the car made before 1920 which travels the greatest distance to reach St. Louis. Jimmy Doolittle, famous flier, will be chief judge of the contests. The two prize-winning cars will carry the grand marshal and the chief of staff in the Forty and Eight's fun parade on the opening night of the convention.

Fireworks by the Legion

CHICAGO still talks about The American Legion's great national convention of 1933 when Legionnaires from forty-eight States paraded through Soldier Field for eight hours while 100,000 spectators watched entranced in the huge amphitheater. Soldier Field was the scene of another Legion triumph on the Fourth of July this year when another crowd of 100,000 saw an old-fashioned celebration, with seventy tons of modern fireworks, staged under the auspices of Cook County Council, representing 210 posts and 30,000 members. The picture on page 13 shows one segment of the night crowd. The affair was the first held in Soldier Field by Cook County Council, although Loop posts have sponsored celebrations since 1929. The annual celebrations are the result of efforts of Legionnaire Don Winder, who also as Commander of suburban Oak Park Post directed a Fourth of July celebration in the Oak Park High School Stadium, which has been repeated annually with larger crowds each new year.

As in Chicago, so in Los Angeles. On this last Fourth of July Los Angeles County Council's third annual Fireworks Pageant was attended by 62,300, with a Legion profit of \$14,024. Harry Myers, assistant county adjutant, writes that the three Fourth of July celebrations, professional football games and other events



Dizzy Dean, himself, pitching wizard of the Cardinals, says it with a baseball. He tells Keith MacKenzie that he hopes all Sons of The American Legion will show up in St. Louis for the Legion's national convention



Dr. Louis Renfrow, chairman of the St. Louis convention registration committee, shows National Commander Belgrano the convention automobile plate which is being sent all Legionnaires who register. In background, part of the fleet of 150 automobiles which the Ford Motor Company has donated for the convention

held under the auspices of the Council have produced profits of more than \$85,000. With this money, the Council, representing 152 posts and 16,000 members, has conducted a service bureau and a widespread relief program. The pageants and football games are held in Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, the stadium of the 1932 Olympic Games.

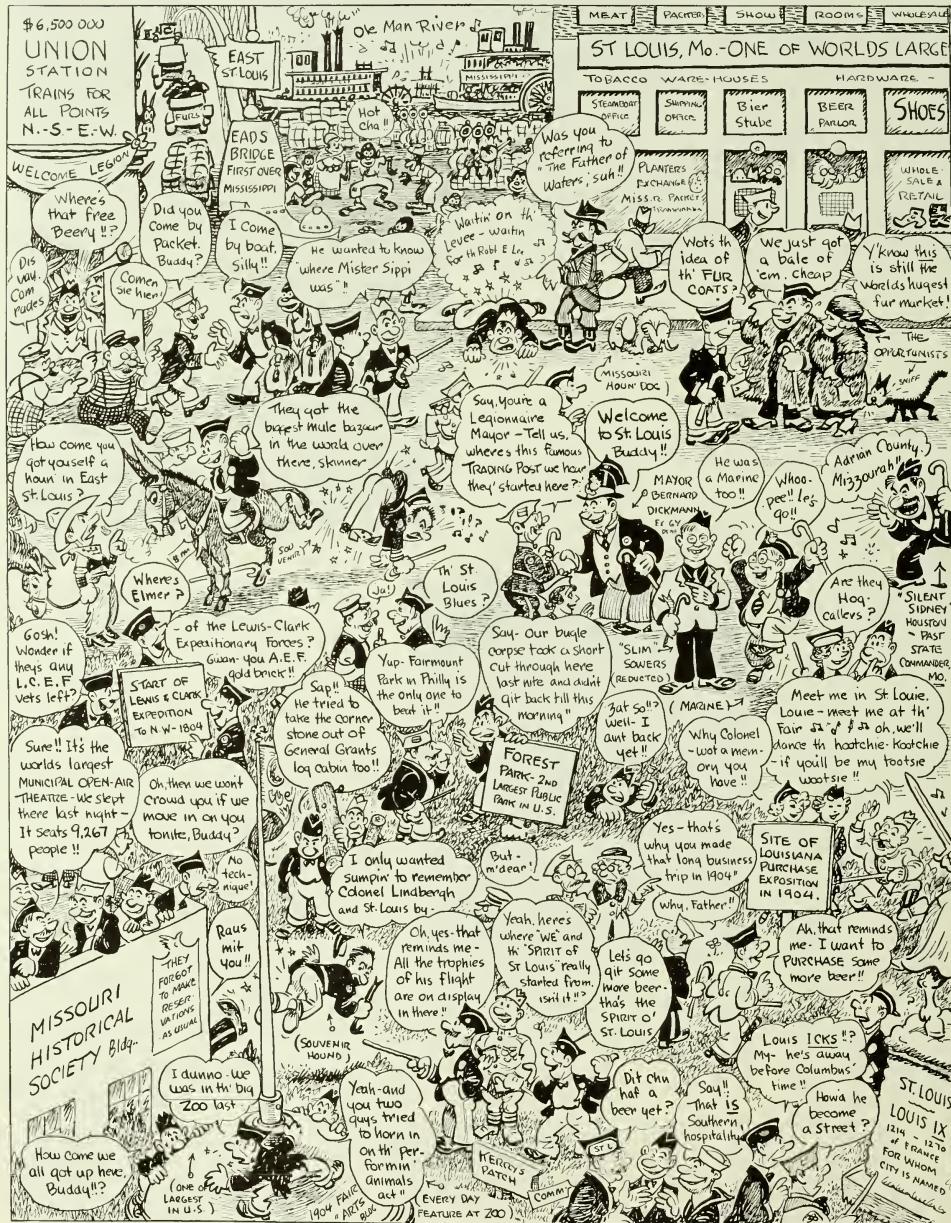
From all parts of the country come reports telling of other successful Fourth of July celebrations conducted by Legion posts. Dr. C. J. Hosmer, Commander of Olean (New York) Post reports his outfit's celebration this year, held in Bradner Stadium was witnessed by 6,000 and the profits enabled the post to erect for the city four traffic caution signs.

As Famous as Its Town

IT IS bound to seem like painting the rainbow when anybody writes anything about Hollywood (California) Post. For that outfit's ordinary, everyday accomplishments sound like fantasies. It does things in the grand manner, makes fabulous sums of money even in depression times in its Legion Stadium with boxing every Friday night, sponsors a marvelous drum corps and a 65-piece, prize-winning Sons of The American Legion Band, conducts all sorts of welfare activities and—perhaps we should have (Continued on page 54)

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS

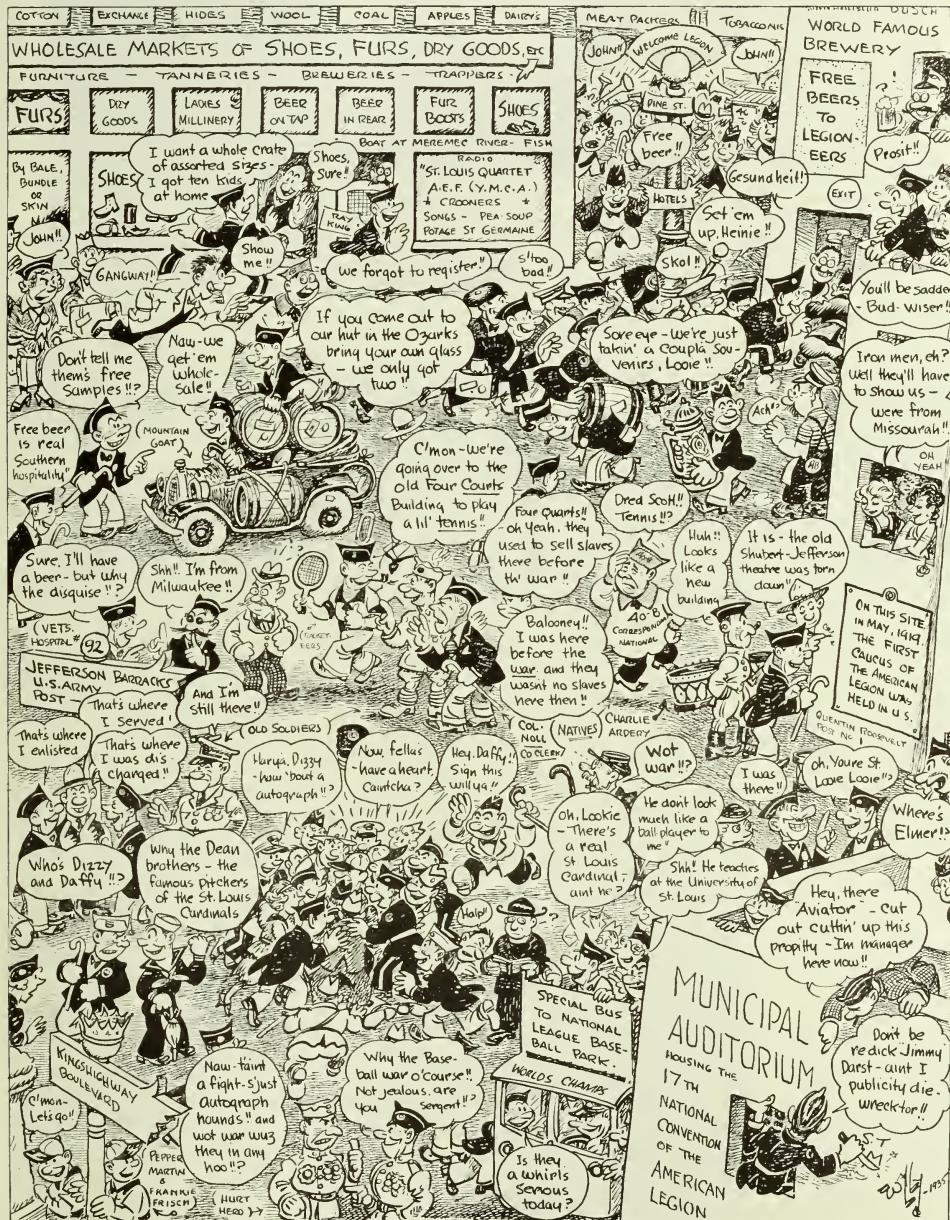
Pre-View of 17th National Convention,



MEANS HOSPITALITY PLUS

The American Legion, September 23-26

By Wallgren





The GALLOPING GOOSE

PICTURESQUE, sometimes vivid, nicknames for outfits and guns and airplanes were common during the war. Here we learn of a train in the A. E. F. for which its passengers had a pet title

To WEARY doughboys who did the grand tour of France and a part of Germany on foot, anything on wheels onto which they might crawl for a kilo or two lift compared favorably with the de luxe equipment of the Orient Express out of Paris. Besides the 40 and 8 trains which became known to all A. E. F.-ers, about the only transportation most of us knew were bicycles rented from the French in our training areas or the camions which on special occasions carried us from one sector of the front to another.

So from our viewpoint we feel that the fellows who were stationed back around Bordeaux were carping critics when they dubbed the rolling equipment pictured above with the opprobrious title of "The Galloping Goose."

We first heard of the "Goose" in a contribution, published in the issue of December last, from Mrs. E. Charlotte Backus, secretary of the Auxiliary Unit in Ayer, Massachusetts, who although an Englishwoman, helped serve Americans in the Y. M. C. A. canteen in Arcachon, and came to her adopted country as a war bride. She permitted us to reprint a picture of the United States Naval Aviation Camp at Cap Ferret down in that area and told how some of the boys from Le Courneau and La Teste de Bouc made their trips to the Y on the "Goose."

Mrs. Backus's picture and

story brought her many interesting letters, the outstanding one being from Legionnaire Fred E. Baldes of Fellows, California, with which he enclosed the snapshot of "The Galloping Goose" that we show. With the print Mrs. Backus sent us a page clipped from a copy of *Adventure* of some years ago which she had kept for her scrap book. It contained a story of the "Goose" written by Leonard H. (Steamer) Nason, who needs no introduction to readers of the Monthly. Mrs. Backus writes: "We are *Adventure* fans and most voracious bookworms—but Leonard Nason's name on a magazine always sees it coming home, as he writes of places we know."

WE AGREE with Mrs. Backus in her suggestion that many would enjoy reading Steamer Nason's account of "The Galloping Goose," which evidently he also knew well, and so with a bow to Steamer and to *Adventure*, we quote this extract:

South of Bordeaux, in the pine forests of the Landes, was a camp that was first used by the Senegalese or black troops of France, then given to the Russians, and finally turned over to the Americans as a replacement and training camp. The name of this place was Le Courneau.

It was a terrible place, miles from anywhere. To the north was a small town called La Teste de Bouc and to the south was another town called Cazeaux. These two towns were served by a train that ran twice a day most days. If the engineer of the one engine was sick, the train did not run. . . .

This train brought the





soldiers from La Teste to Le Courneau. The train from Bordeaux got into La Teste at noon, but the "Galloping Goose" did not leave until five o'clock, for if the engineer left La Teste at noontime, he would have nothing to do from three o'clock when he arrived at Cazeaux until six, when he was through for the day....

Well, then, at four the fire would be kindled in the stove and the water heated, and by five the Goose would gallop.

The one engine had no cab, and the engineer used to stand on the runningboard, his beard flying, a handful of stones ready to hurl at cattle that frequently disputed the right of way with the engine.

The soldiers who rode this train were all men coming from hospital, or returning from some detached duty, and there was a force of M. P.'s always on hand to see that these soldiers did not fall off the train and disappear into the scenery.

Many tales are told of the encounters between the men on the Goose and the M. P.'s along the road. One of the best is that once a soldier, seeing an M. P. watching the passage of the train, hurled a can of beans at him. The M. P. pursued the train, caught the last car and climbed aboard. The man who had thrown the can thereupon leaped to the ground, ran ahead to the next car, boarded it and uncoupled the car on which the M. P. was riding. The M. P., undaunted, leaped to the ground in his turn, ran alongside the train, passed the three cars of which it was composed, and getting ahead of the engine turned around and flagged it. He then apprised the engineer of the fact that a car had been uncoupled, went back along the train and arrested his man.

ACCORDING to the old army song, the old gray mare she ain't what she used to be, and according to our own observation, the old regimental bands that played that lilting ditty which so often peppe up our lagging feet on the march also ain't what they used to be. The best damned band in the service was, of course, and rightly so, the band of your own regiment—so we won't argue that point. We'll just agree that while bandmen, with most of the regimental non-com staff members, were considered gold-brickers and referred to as members of the Bankers and Brokers Platoon,

we just couldn't have done without the morale-building music they dispensed.

And now, sixteen years afterward, notwithstanding graying or thinning or no hair on their pates, an expansion in girth, less spring in their steps, less wind in their lungs, those same morale-builders are still on the job—either in Legion post bands or orchestras, or, in fading numbers, the life of the party at most outfit reunions. They may be a clannish crew with an understood loyalty among their own group, but they're equally loyal to their outfits.

Take, for instance, the 353d Infantry, 89th Division. Composed originally of Kansas men only, its veterans are still largely centered in that State, though replacements came to it from Illinois, Minnesota and many other States. Because of that situation, annual reunions of the 353d held always within the borders of Kansas are real affairs. Six or seven hundred men in attendance is not an uncommon occurrence, and that number



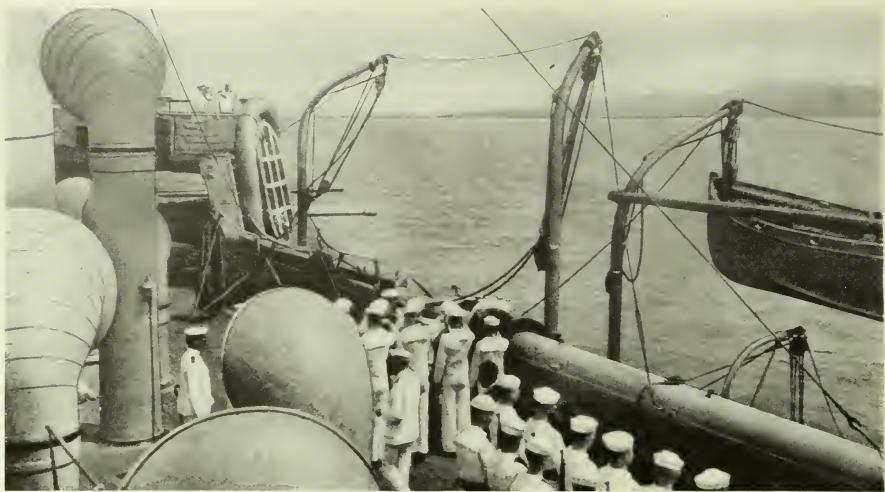
NOW: In mufti, a score of men of the band of the 353d Infantry lead veterans of the regiment in their reunion parade, Wichita, Kansas, September, 1934. THEN (below): The complete band of fifty men lines up for Guard Mount in the square of Prüm, Kreiss Eiffel, Germany, January, 1919

is augmented by wives and sisters and an increasing number of children.

Prominent in each reunion are the veterans of the regimental band. Of its wartime total of fifty men, an average of twenty-five to thirty show up at each reunion—some traveling great

distances to get with the gang. And they don't show up empty-handed, either. Their instruments come with them, even though some of the men have tooted them but little since their discharge from service. Some few, of course, keep their hands in their Legion post bands, some few others are in the profession, playing with the bands of circuses and shows. But initial greetings over, the bandmen gather together for practice—and even a hardened old veteran listening in on such a session will display an unwanted sentiment when he hears the rem-





Captain Sparrow, commanding officer of the U. S. S. Chicago, and an honor guard bid farewell to a distinguished passenger, Hoffman Philip, Minister to the Republic of Colombia, at Puerto Colombia, in February, 1919

nants of a one-time first-class band struggling through some of the wartime songs and marches—eager to carry on, more than willing to spend valuable reunion hours in preparation for the entertainment of their buddies, and for the reunion parade.

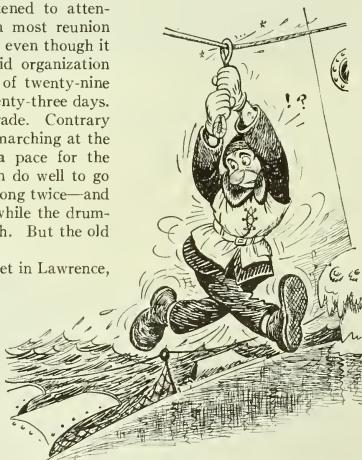
Informal concerts are accompanied by lusty singing which helps to drown out some of the blue notes and burbles; formal concerts are listened to attentively and hugely applauded; in most reunion cities the band gives a broadcast, even though it is a mere shadow of the splendid organization which early in 1918 made a tour of twenty-nine cities and towns in Kansas in twenty-three days.

The real test comes in the parade. Contrary to the hour or two of strenuous marching at the head of the regiment, setting a pace for the troops during the war, these men do well to go through the chorus of a popular song twice—and then rest up for a block or two while the drummers continue the tempo of march. But the old spirit is there.

The 353d Infantry veterans meet in Lawrence, Kansas, this year over the Labor Day week-end, August 31st, September 1st and 2d, and a special treat is in store for the men of the regimental society and its Auxiliary. Recognizing the loyalty and faithfulness of the bandmen, one of their number, Herbert J. Rinkel, now a doctor in Kansas City, Missouri, was elected president of the society last year in Wichita, and his men of the band are to be hosts to the regiment. Plans for the reunion have been actively under way for a full year—aided and abetted by *The Damn Band*, the official, four-page, mimeographed publication of the band. Urged on by the editor, G. H. Burnett, the men have been exchanging views and making plans through its pages. Roland W. Nelson, chairman of the program committee, has lined up special talent in the band for an outstanding entertainment.

The usual impressive memorial service, the annual business meetings, the big parade, the banquet and dance—they're all

waiting for those lucky Kansans who are sure to be there and for the goody sprinkling of other veterans of the regiment who have left the Sunflower State since the war. We wish we might be with them and urge others to report to Dr. Herbert J. Rinkel, 927 Argyle Building, Kansas City, Missouri, that they will answer "here" to roll call at Lawrence.



crossing the Equator on March 4, 1919, en route to Brazil.

"Underway from New York, January 30, 1919, we were bound for Puerto Colombia with United States Minister Hoffman Philip and his family as passengers. Our friendly relations with Colombia following the building of the Panama Canal and the independence of Panama, as guaranteed by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1905, had never been fully re-established until President Wilson sent Mr. Hoffman as minister to Colombia in 1919.

"The snapshot I enclose shows the guard saluting Mr. Hoffman when he left the *Chicago* at Puerto Colombia on February 6, 1919. I was one of the guard. The (Continued on page 60)



LEGIONNAIRES

Our best wishes are extended
to all members for a glorious,
successful convention.

And incidentally...

Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER

is always linked with gracious
hospitality and good-fellowship.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS

By Edward
J. Moran

HELL and HIGH WATER



The Ithaca sector of the widespread New York flood disaster which called into action American Legion emergency units of the State. Below, one of three Legion trucks which rushed to Hornell from Jamestown

FEW posts of The American Legion in that arm of New York State which lies between Lake Ontario and Pennsylvania dreamed as they organized American Legion emergency units that those units would ever be called into action against a catastrophe in their own peaceful region. Earthquakes might come to the Pacific Coast, floods might sweep the Mississippi Valley, mine explosions bring wholesale death in the Middle West, tornadoes devastate the Southern States, but what disaster might the Legionnaires of New York anticipate?

Yet disaster did come to New York. Striking almost as suddenly as a tornado or an earthquake, a series of cloudbursts on a July night filled the narrow valleys of scores of rivers with floods and made them traps for residents of towns and summer camps and even motorists on highways. In that disaster which brought tragedy to such important cities as Oneonta, Ithaca, Watkins Glen, Hornell and scores of lesser communities, almost fifty persons were drowned in the flood waters and thousands of others were saved from death



only by the heroic efforts of rescuers.

So swiftly did the flood come that there was little chance for the Legion formally to mobilize while the crisis endangering life lasted, for most of those who perished died in the first swift rush of water which swept over their camp grounds or into their homes on the banks of streams. When Legion posts assembled for rescue work on the morning following the cloudbursts and floods, all that remained to be done was to carry to complete safety those who had escaped death, and provide shelter for the homeless and food and clothing for the large numbers of refugees. This the Legion did, and also the great job of clearing away debris in flood-swept communities, policing devastated neighborhoods to prevent looting, hauling in drinking water to districts without it,

assisting in the prevention of a typhoid epidemic.

Binghamton Post, confronted by the flood emergency in its own city, was only one of scores of posts which did everything the Legion could do to assist those who suffered from the disaster. Almost every post of the Department within easy traveling

distance of the stricken zone sent delegations of Legionnaires to assist the posts of the flood towns. Department Commander John Dwight Sullivan personally called into action the Legion emergency units of the region, and there were many inspiring responses, such as at Hornell, where Legionnaires from an area of one hundred miles assembled after the flood waters had gone down, and worked prodigiously on American Legion Day to clear the streets of the flood wreckage. Commander Sullivan personally came to the flood region.

Those outsiders who have visited this tranquil section of New York can understand the nature of the flood tragedy. This is a region of beautiful hills, rivers and lakes, one of America's wonderlands of unmarred nature. It is also the drainage basin for two great rivers, the Susquehanna and the Chemung. These two rivers and the streams which feed them have their headwaters on a watershed along the top of the State. On one side of this watershed, the rivers drain northward to Lake Ontario. The Susquehanna flows southwestward and the Chemung southeastward to their junction near the Pennsylvania-New York State Line directly south of Ithaca. The lesser streams flowing southward have carved deep and narrow valleys which are favorite camping sites for the toilers of all the cities in the region.

Sunday, July 7th, was a typical mid-summer day in this delightful region. The sun shone gloriously all day. In the river valleys were thousands of city folk who had come to spend the Fourth of July in summer homes and camps and remained to enjoy the weekend. On that Sunday night most of them had gone to bed, happy over a perfect day, with anticipations of an equally happy morrow. True, a light rain had begun to fall at evening, but most folk thought the sun would be shining as usual in the morning. But, as we learned in France, quiet often precedes a barrage. While the villagers and campers slept, nature was preparing for an onslaught.

As the folk slept in the valleys, an air armada of rain-laden clouds swept westward over the historic Catskills. As if obeying the command of a general the cloud armada sped onward through the night and made its objectives the headwaters of the important southern New York rivers. One after another they bombed the towns of Oneonta, Marathon, Ithaca, Watkins Glen and Hornell, in a series of tremendous cloudbursts. Nine inches of rain fell before the clouds had discharged their burden.

Valleys filled swiftly. It seemed that Lake Erie had lifted and dropped into the middle of the State. Unable to hold the mountainous tide, dams and natural obstructions were swept aside, steel bridges and concrete embankments were tossed into the torrents, roads were washed away. Terrified (Continued on page 51)

"Luggage Calf!"

What a good looking leather for men's shoes"



Bostonians' newest, smartest style—lead in shoes for Fall—Luggage Calf in Beaver Brown! Rugged in appearance—yet soft as a glove. A sturdy, new, textured leather that makes Bostonians the perfect foundation for your new Fall cheviots, flannels and tweeds. And thanks to the exclusive Flexmore* Process Bostonians make walking a joy . . . from the first step! Bostonians, \$6.50 to \$8.50. Bostonian Foot Savers \$10.00. At smart men's apparel and shoe shops.

*Registered U. S. Patent Office

Bostonians

SHOES FOR MEN

BUILT WITH THE FLEXMORE PROCESS

Bursts and Duds



Conducted by Dan Sowers



NAT borrowed \$35 from his friend Amos and gave a note for the amount. The note became long past due. One day Amos called on Nat and demanded: "When you-all gwine pay dat note?"

"Ah ain't got no money now, but Ah gwine pay just as soon as Ah kin."

"Dat don't git me no nothin'," retorted Amos. "If you-all don't pay me here an' now, Ah gwine burn up your old note; den where all you gwine be at?"

"You better not! You better not!" shouted Nat. "You just burn dat note of mine and Ah'll burn you up wid a lawsuit."

SAVVY CARBONI, of New Orleans, tells of a henpecked husband's "assertion of manhood" speech.

"I don't mind washing the dishes for you," he said, "I don't object to sweeping, dusting or mopping the floors, but I'll be blowed if I'm going to run ribbons through my night shirt just to fool the baby."

IT was late at night. The boy and girl had just returned from the dance and were standing at the front door. In an emotional whisper the boy said:

"We've been going together for a long time."

"Yes, dear."

"We have come to know each other, to trust each other."

"Why, certainly."

"Then, will you—will you please lend me a dime for carfare home? I'm broke."

ONE Legion Junior Baseball captain was overheard talking to another. "How about your team?" he asked. "Are they good losers?"

The captain, whose team had finished a disastrous month, replied:

"Good losers? Heck, they're perfect!"



THE teacher was making an inspirational talk to the boys in the fifth grade.

"We should never be discouraged easily," she said. "Look at Napoleon. He would stop for no obstacle; he refused to be turned aside, but kept on relentlessly to his destination. And what do you think he became?"

"A truck driver," replied an alert youngster.

ACCORDING to Don Jacobi, of Buffalo, New York, the roadster skidded around the corner, knocked down a lamp post, ran into a mail box and stopped.

A girl climbed out from the wreck, a bit breathless, but unhurt.

"Sweetheart!" she cried, "that's what I call a kiss!"

LEGIONNAIRE ED O'DONNELL, of Toledo, reports seeing the following sign over a wayside gasoline station in northern Ohio:

Oil and Gasolene
Keg Beer—Firecrackers
Cocktail Hour 4-6

COMRADE JOHN SPARKS tells about being in the receiving ward of a Veterans Hospital in Kentucky, when an attendant came up to a new arrival and asked his name, address and other routine questions, concluding with, "And do you have pajamas?"

"N-n-no," replied the patient. "I don't think so. I'm sure the doctor said it was T. B."



ROY SMITH of Tela, Honduras, tells this as his prize story about drunks.

It was past midnight. There was a persistent banging at the house door. Finally a man stuck his head out of the window and asked, "What do you want?"

"Shay, are you Dr. Smith, the animal man?"

"I am Dr. Smith, but what do you want at this time of night?"

"Dish you advertise for a man to go with you to Africa to kill lions?"

"Yes, I did, but this is no time to talk about it."

"Well, I thought I better tell you I can't go."

THE neighborhood gang had finished a heated argument and Willie came home with a tooth missing. It was an upper, and right in front.

"Oh, Willie!" exclaimed his mother. "You have lost a tooth!"

"No, I didn't."

"Willie, you shouldn't tell mother a fib."

"Honest, Mom, I'm not fibbin'. I didn't lose it—I got it right here in my pocket."



TWO golfers had just replaced the flag on the green when a ball rolled up within a few inches of the cup. It was a short hole, and wanting to give the player the thrill of thinking he had made the hole in one, they pushed the ball into the cup.

In a little while a big fellow came up out of the woods, sweating and panting. "Did you see a ball come over this way?" he asked.

"Sure—it went right in the cup."

"Fine," replied the big man. "Let's see—I made it in nine."

HENRY DOTSON, who rounded out his World War experiences with the Sixth Engineers, says that while in training at Laurel, Maryland, the men in his outfit had a habit of doing very unmilitary slip-outs to make nocturnal visits to Baltimore and Washington. His captain, a young marine engineer with only a few weeks in the service, had been ordered by his superiors to put a stop to the AWOL practices of his men. Whereupon he had the company assembled and announced:

"In the future I'm going to prosecute any of you birds who go AWOL without permission."

ACCORDING to Lewis M. Perkins, of Durango (Colorado) Post, nation still rises against nation and there are wars and rumors of wars. For he says that not long ago his little daughter came prancing home from school and into the kitchen.

"Mamma! There's going to be a war! There's going to be a war!" she chanted. Then suddenly catching sight of her father, she asked:

"Daddy, have you been invited?"



FROM out in Missouri Major Tom Strickler tells a tale about the optimism of a woman whose family had been one of the most severe casualties of this or any other depression.

"But now," she said, "things are picking up for us. One of my boys is in the CCC and sends money home each month. My daughter is working her way through college under FERA. One of my boys has a job with PWA, and my husband is in the PEN. Yes, sir, we're doing first rate now!"

Where Did You Get That Hat?

(Continued from page 25)

"drop shipment" variety—that is, the goods are sent direct to the consumer by the factory. This applies to caps, uniforms, grave markers, and jewelry that must be specially engraved. But though this merchandise cannot be inspected with the same finality as that which is shipped from Indianapolis the Division once each month conducts a check-up on it and as with all its merchandise makes good if anything fails to measure up to the rigid standards set in all contracts with manufacturers. And by the way, a goodly percentage of all these manufacturers are themselves Legionnaires, the rule being that other things being equal the Legionnaire gets the preference. All of the merchandise is sold at as reasonable a price as is possible consistent with material and workmanship of the highest order.

I know that this I write is true, because I have been in the jewelry business all of my adult life—except for my army service—as clerk, salesman, retail merchant and jobber, and when I was named to the Emblem Committee, which has direct charge of the Emblem Division, I wasn't satisfied that all of the items were reasonably priced. So I went over the stock in the vaults at National Headquarters, had access to all the account books and contracts, and asked the embarrassing questions that are asked by a man who knows exactly what he's after. It was practically a third degree ordeal, and I'm proud to say that the Division came through handsomely.

In ordering from the Division, where the catalogue says *two weeks required for delivery*, as for instance with post colors, caps, prize cups and other trophies, don't ask for delivery any quicker than that, and don't fail, if you want the merchandise at the earliest possible moment, to say so. I know a man back home who writes "Rush!" on everything he orders from anybody, "Big Rush!!" on something a bit urgent, "Great Big Rush!!" if he's got to have a thing in a hurry. The Emblem Division doesn't work that way, but if you want things hurried they'll do it for you.

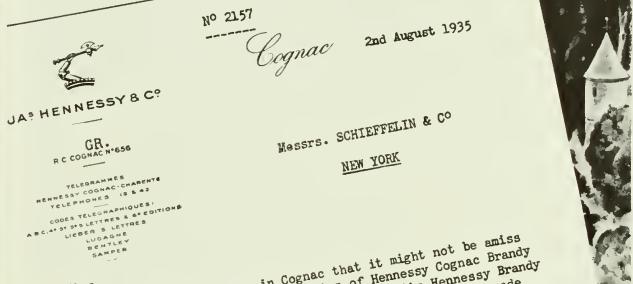
A short time ago an order for a Junior Baseball trophy came into the Division from a Legionnaire living less than a thousand miles from Indianapolis. The writer was specific about all the details except one—he didn't say when he wanted the trophy delivered. In acknowledging the order the Division called this to the customer's attention, and told him when he might expect the trophy to arrive. Back came a telegram that combined the best features of a demand for quick (Continued on page 40)

★★★

HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY

-the same today as ever



Dear Sirs,

It occurs to us here in Cognac that it might not be amiss for you to incorporate in your advertising that we are shipping to you today is exactly the same quality that made Hennessy so tremendously popular before your prohibition experiment. For those are the facts, as you know.

We realize, of course, that those who knew Hennessy in the old days can readily recognize this in the bouquet and "clean" taste of the Hennessy Brandy they receive today, but to those who know Hennessy only by reputation, a word of assurance may be appreciated.

As your representatives saw for themselves when they visited our plant here in Cognac, we maintain here the finest and largest stock of natural brandy in the world. This is necessary to maintain Hennessy so popular for 170 years.

We are glad to see that you are including in your advertising of Hennessy Brandy the suggestion that it be sipped slowly rather than gulped. To do justice to the exceeding care and time which enter into the production of Hennessy -- and to best enjoy its flavour and "clean" taste -- it should be sipped drop by drop after first warming the glass in the hands, to release its exquisite bouquet.

We remain, dear Sirs,
Yours faithfully

Ja. Hennessy & C°

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES:
Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY.
IMPORTERS SINCE 1794.

Where Did You Get That Hat?

(Continued from page 39)

action and a plea not to be let down. It seemed the presentation of the trophy was scheduled for the following Tuesday, three days before it would be received. The wire was received at the Division just before noon on Saturday. The Massachusetts factory that was turning out the trophy had been closed nearly two hours before. But on Monday morning the factory turned itself inside out to make good in the emergency, the trophy went out by air mail on Monday night, and it wasn't necessary for anybody to frame an alibi.

The biggest seller among all the items the Division offers, aside from the lapel button, is the Legion cap—and the profit on it is the smallest of all. That small-profit idea is the rule on all the things in the essential class. On the semi-essentials the profit is a bit higher, and on luxury items the profit is higher still, but I can honestly say that in no case is the

price higher than the same goods would bring at most retail stores over the nation. You get what you expect to get in every transaction with the Division, or you get your money back without argument.

The most expensive single item, aside from the silk post banner that is never a repeat order unless it is lost in a fire or other disaster, is a past officer's strap watch that sells for \$49.50, and the cheapest is a window transfer one and one-fourth inches in diameter which you can put on your automobile window at a cost of two-and-a-half cents. Of the articles of adornment that are usually given post and Department officers on retirement, lapel buttons and badges are most popular, while with the Auxiliary the jeweled pin, badge and ring lead in that order. Cigarette cases are more popular with the Auxiliary than lighters.

At the peak of its activity, which

comes between August and December, the Division employs upward of twenty Legion and Auxiliary members, who are kept busy filling orders for past officers' badges, rings, wrist watches and other jewelry, supplementing the all-year demand for caps, whose sales high points are in the weeks preceding Armistice Day and Memorial Day. The demand for jewelry continues right up to Christmas. The sale of Legion buttons is brisk from October to April, and for the six weeks before Memorial Day banners, wreaths and grave markers have a heavy sale.

Last year the Emblem Division contributed \$40,412.01 to the general fund of the Legion. This year it hopes to make it fifty thousand dollars. In so doing it helps the National organization carry on the worthwhile programs of service which otherwise might have to be curtailed in these days of straitened finances.

Old Man River Wakes Up

(Continued from page 21)

can be profitable. It has found railroad co-operation to be a major concern; essential to the success of such transportation is the arranging for workable through routes and joint rates. Cargoes on the upper river have been mainly of grain and flour, coal and coke, oil, sand, gravel, stone, cement, iron and steel, agricultural machinery, automobiles and automobile parts, sugar, coffee, sisal, hides and package freight.

In naming its towboats the Inland Waterways Corporation has often honored public officials, as note the *John W. Weeks* and the *Patrick J. Hurley*, now plying the upper river. But it has not confined itself to such. One of its newest steamers just missed being called the *Huckleberry Finn*.

Early this summer the corporation inaugurated barge service on the Missouri between St. Louis and Kansas City. Already it had the towboats *Mark Twain* and *Tom Sawyer* on the Illinois River. River gossip has it that the new boat was to have been named after Tom Sawyer's chum, but it was decided Huck would have to wait. The new boat is the *Franklin D. Roosevelt*.

Its experience on the upper river indicated to the corporation that a greater channel depth was requisite for profitable barge operation in these times. Shippers must be assured of a safe and stable channel and of a regular, dependable schedule of arrivals and departures. This led into the canalization program, which is to establish a channel in accord with

the nine-foot standard adopted for the lower Mississippi and the Ohio.

Much of the program has been completed or is under way. The entire project may be finished within the next four years. The longest of the dams is at Winona, Minnesota, a little more than four miles, and two others are nearly as long. The shortest of the federal dams is the Twin City one, one-fifth of a mile, and the next shortest at Rock Island, Illinois. The lifts of the locks range from thirty-six feet at the Twin City dam down to five-and-a-half feet at Whitman, Minnesota.

Work is being done by contract under direction of the Corps of Engineers, Upper Mississippi Valley Division, United States Army. The entire cost was estimated by the engineers at the outset as \$124,000,000, including cost of purchasing flooded lands. Part of the expenditure thus far has come from direct Congressional appropriation and part by allotment of P. W. A. funds.

Power dams at the Twin Cities and Keokuk, Iowa, the one at the latter city privately owned, and a navigation dam at Hastings, Minnesota, had been installed before adoption of the present program five years ago. With their inclusion, six dams and their accompanying locks have now been completed. In addition, locks have been completed at fourteen other sites and at six of the fourteen, work on the dams is going on. Recent allotment of \$25,000,000 from the new works relief budget will permit

building of locks at five sites and of four dams where locks are now in.

Benefits to navigation have not had to await completion of the full project. The dams first to be constructed are at places that had marked particularly bad stretches of river. Six pools have been filled at this writing, in June—those above dams at the Twin Cities, Hastings and Whitman, Minnesota; Alma, Wisconsin; Rock Island and Keokuk. The dam at Canton, Missouri, was expected to be completed and put in operation within a few months.

A roller-gate movable dam is the standard structure of these works. The roller gate is perhaps the distinctive feature. While not new in this country, this type of gate is reaching its greatest development in the Upper Mississippi project.

The roller gate is a huge, hollow, riveted steel cylinder that rolls up clear of the water when not in use. It is operated between concrete pier supports. A hoist-and-chain rolls it up or down inclined trackways, toothed, in niches in the enclosing piers. Lowered into the river and filled with water, it blocks the flow and raises the water level behind. The roller gate is intended to facilitate the passage of ice and drift. An electrical heating arrangement keeps the ends free of ice. Part of the gate shows above water on the downstream side when lowered as far as it will go.

In number of roller gates and length of gate section, though not in size of

individual gate, the installation at Rock Island is the largest in the world. It has eleven roller gates, each 100 feet long and from 21.75 feet to 26 feet in diameter. These babies hold back the mighty Mississippi. The roller-gate section is twelve-hundred feet long, and ninety percent of the dam length can be raised clear of the water if desired.

Designs of all the other twenty-three dams call for a combination of roller and tainter gates, in various numbers and sizes, and, in most cases, for concrete overflow sections. The tainter gate is a pivoted up-and-down affair in common use in dams. It is not used in the Rock Island structure.

These works are well worth seeing. Mayor Bernard F. Dickmann of St. Louis, writing in these pages of last April, urged Legionnaires to see something of his State when attending the national convention of The American Legion in September. "Go north along the Mississippi" was part of his suggestion. Many folk who motor to St. Louis and back will find it convenient to follow the upper river part of the way. Doubtless no small number will go by the river itself—by launch, houseboat, canoe. Where locks are in operation, they will open on the even hours to pass even a single canoe.

There is a wide split among students of transportation over the merits of the nine-foot channel undertaking. It exists in every community and is marked in Congress. Its nature is presented in statements—one pro, the other con—prepared for this article by members of Congress, each of whom belongs to the Legion.

"No system of transportation can be complete without a well developed waterway," writes Representative Melvin J. Maas of the Fourth Minnesota District (St. Paul). "The Middle West—a great land-locked empire, the bread basket of the United States—must have a water outlet for its commerce. This is absolutely so if this part of the country is to keep abreast of the industrial East and the industrial West, which sections are its markets, as they are both served by water transportation on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. In turn, this vast inland empire is the most important market of those industrial sections.

"A properly developed and operated water-transportation system, such as is afforded by the nine-foot project on the Upper Mississippi, is not competition to the railroads but in reality is a partner to them. Each will aid the other in promoting and developing commerce in this section. With normal business conditions there will be need for every facility of the railroads as well as for a thriving river-transportation system to handle the movement of all the commerce into and out of this vast region.

"Such a waterway is essential to restore natural (Continued on page 42)



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Old Man River Wakes Up

(Continued from page 41)

trade competition to this section in view of the operation of the Panama Canal. Development of the Canal brought the east and west coasts of the United States closer together in transportation cost than the Mississippi Valley to either coast."

This is from Representative Fred Biermann of the Fourth Iowa District (Decorah), which, he points out, has one hundred miles of frontage on the proposed channel and should be expected to benefit thereby:

"The War Department, U. S. Engineer's office, St. Paul, on December 18, 1934, stated that about \$65,000,000 had been devoted to the Upper Mississippi nine-foot channel. The Mississippi Valley Committee, in its report to the Public Works Administration dated October 1, 1934, stated that it would cost \$91,300,000 to complete the channel. The total of these sums is \$156,300,000. If we allow the Government four percent interest on that money (and allow nothing for amortization of the investment), we will see that the Government will have an interest charge of \$6,252,000 annually on the project.

"In House Document No. 137, Seventy-second Congress, the Army Engineers estimated that it will cost \$1,750,000 to care for and maintain the channel after it has been completed. Add this to the interest charge, and we find that it will cost the United States Government \$8,002,000 each year to maintain the channel.

"Under date of April 4, 1935, General T. Q. Ashburn, president of the Inland Waterways Corporation, wrote me that the traffic on the Upper Mississippi during the year 1934 was 146,667 tons. In 1932, the Upper Mississippi Barge Line Company and others supporting the project estimated that the nine-foot channel would carry 10,501,791 net tons of freight per year. (It will be noted that that is seventy-two times as much as it carried in 1934.) With this estimate of freight, they made a further estimate of a saving of \$6,041,802 per year in freight charges to the users of the channel.

"If we accept the Government's figures as to the cost of this channel and then accept the figures of the proponents of the channel as to the saving to shippers, we shall see that the Upper Mississippi channel will be costing the United States Government more than \$1,000,000 each year in excess of what it is alleged the users of the channel will save. Is it any wonder that the Mississippi Valley Committee in its report of October 1, 1934, to the Public Works Administration said: 'It is not possible by any calculation of business accounting to discover any economic justification for the vast expenditures on the projected improvement of these waterways?'

There are phases of the subject besides those of cheaper transportation and economic expediency. Construction of the locks and dams has provided much needed employment. Social benefits to grow from an increased prosperity in the

Upper Valley States cannot be measured at the present.

A third good may in time be regarded as one of the major values of the enterprise. It will be in line with the plans for the employment of leisure time.

Creation of twenty-seven long, lock-connected lakes extending through one of the most beautiful sections of America will afford play areas for thousands living on their borders. Pleasure craft of all kinds will use these waters. A man living in Alton, Illinois, told the writer that he was saving money to buy a motor boat when the pool above Alton was in operation and that he would mortgage the house, if necessary, to buy it. Summer cottages will spring up along the whole course of the river, and no telling what will happen to the price of frontage land.

Cleaning up of the river itself by diversion of municipal sewage into modern disposal plants, such as the joint plant now under construction in the Twin Cities, will add to enjoyment of the pools.

No one questions that a nine-foot channel will be established in the upper river; the engineers in charge know their stuff.

If revival of transportation follows on a big scale, if the river comes back, the steamboat whistle again will resound often through the river towns, perhaps as of old connoting to small boys and grown men mystery and adventure and the appeal of far places.

Shall the Legion Remain Non-Political?

(Continued from page 17)

account for any statements he made. Also obvious is the fact that no man holding a prominent position can be held responsible for any irresponsible statements which may be made about him. *The bald truth is, however, that Commander Belgrano was not a member of the so-called "sound-money committee" and furthermore did not even attend the Chicago convention.*

Mr. Patman now calls for a new Congressional investigation, holding that Commander Belgrano failed to make good a promise to have the Legion make its own investigation. The accurate facts about this situation were available to Congressman Patman. When the testimony was published, Commander Belgrano had placed upon the agenda of the May meeting of the National Executive Committee a proposal that the Legion investigate the matter thoroughly.

Commander Belgrano came to Indian-

apolis to preside over that meeting. The night before the meeting he received word that the Senate would take up the question of paying the Adjusted Service Certificates. Feeling that his place was in Washington in the presence of such a critical legislative battle, he left immediately for the Congressional front, giving every ounce of his energy, every minute of his time to the job of getting justice for the veterans.

Commander Belgrano did carry out his promise; that question was submitted to the National Executive Committee. There is no body of men in America who devote themselves more unselfishly to the work of an organization than the National Executive Committee. That body, I am sure, had its own good reasons for withholding its decision on that matter. At least the National Executive Committee, elected from every Department of the Legion, owes no obligation to

Mr. Patman to act at the particular time he wants it to.

Nor will Legionnaires overlook the unusual fact that in one breath Congressman Patman accuses the National Commander of bad faith because he was not in Indianapolis to personally direct one question and in the next breath charges him with failing to give his fullest effort to the payment of the Adjusted Compensation Certificates. In this same statement in the *Congressional Record*, Mr. Patman says: "Neither did they make any effort to get the veto overridden."

What is the purpose of such a plain, bold misstatement of fact? Is it to destroy the confidence of the membership of The American Legion in their organization and its leaders? In the light of facts that are a matter of record, no other conclusion may be drawn. On January 16th, Commander Belgrano publicly stated: "The American Legion will

abide by the decision of the Congress as to the method and manner of providing funds for payment." When the House and Senate had decided that method by the passage of the Patman Bill, and it was sent to the President for his approval, the National Commander sent the following telegram to all National Executive Committeemen, to all Department Commanders, and to all Department Adjutants:

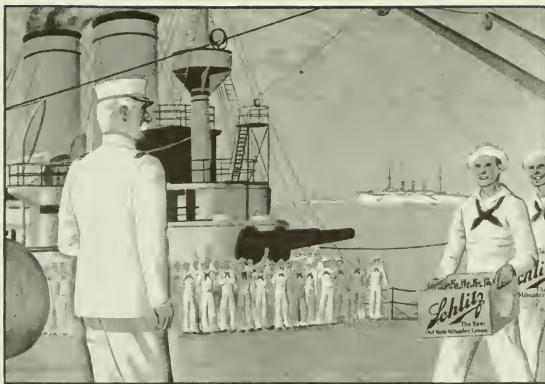
"Vinson Bill successful over Harrison Bill fifty-four to thirty, then Patman Bill successful over Vinson Bill fifty-two to thirty-five. Vote on final passage of Patman Bill fifty-five to thirty-three. Have issued the following statement:

"The American Legion has been and is now definitely committed to the immediate full cash payment of the Adjusted Service Certificates by whatever method of financing the Congress might determine best, exactly as stated by me on January 16. Both Houses of Congress have now made that decision and we now ask that there be no further delay in doing justice to the veterans of the World War. It is true that Administration leaders have stated that the President will veto the present plan, yet Senators Robinson, Harrison and others voted to write the Patman plan into the bill. Without waiting to comment on such a course of strategy we press on to demand that the bill now passed by both Houses be enacted into law. We respectfully ask that there be no veto. Should there be, we ask in the name of the veterans that the veto be overcome by the two-thirds vote of the House and the Senate, both of which have already given substantial majority approval to the present bill. We invite the support of the citizens of America in this cause."

"Wire President not to veto and wire your Congressman and Senators if bill is vetoed to vote to override veto."

In response to the National Commander's orders, the full strength of the Legion was mobilized in a determined and sustained battle to win over the President's veto. In order to arouse the maximum support in this final effort, Commander Belgrano immediately began a rapid-fire tour of State after State, to personally acquaint Legionnaires with the seriousness of the situation and in order that no stone should be left unturned to carry this issue to a successful conclusion. But, as Carlisle Bargeron pointed out the day after the Senate passed the Patman Bill, that vote already had doomed the Patman Bill to defeat. It would require only thirty-two votes to sustain a veto; there had been thirty-three cast against it, with two absent who had publicly announced their opposition. These thirty-five votes against the measure on its original passage made certain that the veto would be sustained; and it was.

This legislation was defeated by the currency
(Continued on page 44)



"THANK YOU," SAID ADMIRAL DEWEY

When Schlitz, the Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous was presented



Shall the Legion Remain Non-Political?

(Continued from page 43)

expansion stone hung around its neck. The public campaign of abuse against the Legion, its National Commander and its officers by Congressmen who also are members of the Legion was without any justification.

Just what is the answer to this method of defeating the legislative program of The American Legion? What is the responsibility of a Legionnaire who is also a member of the Congress? Shall he, because he carries a membership card and because he succeeds in having himself elected as a delegate to a national convention, have the right to bring into that deliberative body a legislative program or proposals in which he personally is interested, and through his personal efforts have that program adopted by The American Legion, so he can go onto the floor of the Congress and in order to secure its enactment into law marshal the entire force of the Legion and the veterans throughout the country to his support?

Or shall The American Legion proceed in the orderly manner and after careful

and deliberate consideration adopt its own program, properly looking forward to the support of Legionnaires in the Congress to secure its enactment into law? Has the Legionnaire Congressman the special privilege to turn upon the organization of which he is a member, and its duly elected officials, and viciously attack them because they will not support his personal legislative proposals? What would the Legion think or do if a member of Congress who is not a veteran attempted to use his influence to secure the adoption by a national convention of legislation in which he might be interested, and on its refusal to do so turn upon the Legion and its officials to vilify them and hold them up to abuse and defamation? Does membership in The American Legion give a member of Congress this special privilege?

In his remarks in the *Congressional Record*, Congressman Patman even formulates a platform which he wants the St. Louis convention to adopt. Obviously, it would make it much simpler and easier for the Legionnaire Congress-

man to influence this organization in favor of his private program. In continuation of this same theme, Mr. Patman then says:

"If the American Legion convention at St. Louis elects a commander who will work with *Us*, and will appoint representatives who will work with *Us*; I can personally assure the veterans that they will get their money in a very short time when the next Congress meets."

In other words, he holds that the Legion must work with Congressman Patman and his friends and carry out *their* program. He seems to recognize no responsibility to work with the Legion and help carry out *its* program. Is The American Legion thus to violate its Constitution, which says that it is to be "non-political and as an organization shall not promote the candidacy of any person seeking public office"? This is a question Legionnaires will be called upon to decide in convention assembled at St. Louis. Upon their decision may well depend the future of this great organization.

Farewell to Hospitals

(Continued from page 13)

hospital life I had just left. Moreover, I was up and around more than five times as much as before. In the beginning this seemed a little startling. But by gradually increasing my "up" period I soon adapted myself to the newer schedule.

Very early I tried to feel that it was perfectly right and natural for me to express this more complete freedom, and to remember that the doctors had recommended it. This reinforced me, and gave me added courage.

For I knew that as a patient of six years, I would be constantly tempted to stop trying to adjust myself to civilian life. It was then that I gratefully remembered a paragraph of the letter Dr. Webb had sent me. "To me the most interesting thing in the world," he wrote, "is a human being, and the most interesting thing about a human being is the way he adjusts himself to his environment. There are many of us who do not make the adjustments properly, and thereby come to a great deal of grief."

So the matter of adjustment became for me an important consideration. Very often I reminded myself to put forth greater effort, to be less irritated by the merry-go-round noises of the city, and above all to be more kindly disposed toward those in my immediate surroundings, for that was one of the most important lessons I had learned in the three

Veterans Hospitals in which I had been a patient.

Then I observed that time literally tore its pages from the calendar. For here the days were packed with events, and this I noticed all the more because in my previous hospital life I had deliberately avoided activities. Now I welcomed them, and the increasing responsibilities which went with them. So it was that I particularly enjoyed the impressive Army Day Parade in San Antonio, the Mexican Easter, the enthusiastic American Legion meetings in the luxurious City Hall

Council Chambers, the San Jacinto Festival with its Battle of Flowers Parade, American Legion Day at Alamo Downs Racetrack, when the entire gate receipts were turned over to The American Legion to be used for welfare work among World War veterans and their dependents.

As soon as I left the Veterans Hospital at Legion, I noticeably heard the jingling cash-registers go plop-plop. For every service, for every need, I had to dig down in my pockets. This brought to me an increased sense of appreciation for the attentions and services which were so liberally showered on me and my fellow-patients. Never was the subject of money mentioned. We did not have to stir a finger. When I think particularly of that bedfast Algiers-Oteen period, I am still amazed and realize anew how courteously and abundantly I was freely served. Now that my cash-register days have returned I can even more intelligently say thank you to the doctors, nurses, orderlies, occupational therapy workers, librarians and all connected with the operation of the Veterans Hospitals, including also the many services of American Legion hospital workers, and the manifest friendliness of American Legion Auxiliary units, who remembered us on so many occasions.

As a conclusion to this article, and in a



spirit of helpfulness, I am adding a series of ten rules to help others successfully to make the adjustment from hospital to civilian living. These rules are based on my first-three-months-out experience and that of other ex-hospital patients with whom I have discussed the matter:

1. Be satisfied with the present and hope for the future; profit by the past, but do not dwell in it. The actor DeWolf Hopper, who is now seventy-seven years old, gave that advice.

2. Be quiet. One of the most helpful things I learned at the Veterans Hospitals was the paramount value of remaining quiet, that is, of avoiding quarrels, upsets, irritable moods. For all these things, I discovered in my own experience, disturb the body.

3. Make adjustments. For the making of adjustments is the bluebird which brings happiness. "There is no duty we neglect so much as the duty of being happy," wrote Stevenson. When I first came into San Antonio, the clattering pattern of civilian life seemed very exasperating. Many times I had to remind myself that no longer was I a patient far out in a quiet countryside, and to realize that I had been a city dweller all my life, so that it was perfectly natural for me to return to it. I made the necessary adjustments, and then I seemed to fit in.

4. Adopt a schedule. It helps regulate the day, gives added purpose to the active hours, and makes for contentment. I noticed that in my own case, during the first two weeks I seldom left the boarding-house where I was staying, and then suddenly I seemed to be caught in the tempting swirl of civilian living. I found myself becoming unusually tired. This seemed unwise, for I had been so entirely passive for six years. I felt that the best way to re-enter civilian living was as I had climbed the ladder of health in the hospital, step by step. For ex-hospital patients cannot burn the candle of life at both ends. It was then that I remembered Dr. Webb's statement that "nights are meant for sleeping," which he explained to me in his letter as follows: "I feel that as we veterans grow older, more and more will we be inclined to get to bed earlier and to get up earlier." So I adopted a schedule, observed the afternoon rest-hour and definitely programmed myself elsewhere during the day. For I had observed that for persons who are just out of the hospital, there is always the temptation to remain in bed too much, even though the doctors have assured them that they can be up for most of the day.

As a result of the schedule, at the end of the first three months I joyfully observed that it was much easier to increase the "up" period, and I was less afraid to be active. This, to me, was a wonderful surprise.

5. Be satisfied with little things. Another important lesson I learned in Veterans Hospitals was to be content with the so-called minor (Continued on page 46)



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Farewell to Hospitals

(Continued from page 45)

pleasures. Conversation, new acquaintances, books, magazines, little walks, words of praise, courage, gratitude, well-accented "thank you's." Particularly letters. After my first American Legion Monthly article called "Chasing the Cure," I began receiving chatty, informal notes and appropriate cards on all the holidays. They were sent to me by someone I had never seen, Miss Zita Niedermeyer, who is active in American Legion Auxiliary work in Toledo, Ohio. It was most pleasant to be remembered on all the holidays, for not once in four years have I been forgotten.

6. "No longer talk about the kind of man a good man ought to be, but be such." This is a universal truth credited to Marcus Aurelius two thousand years ago. There is a direct relationship between being good and remaining healthy. The value of the observance of this rule becomes more apparent when one reads Webster's definition of good, which is, in part, "that which promotes success, welfare, or happiness."

7. Do something. Do not be completely idle in your new surroundings. One need not be a genius to express himself. There are diversities of talents. Even the doing of a simple deed of kindness often brings with its accomplishment that rousing, buoyant feeling which automatically adds courage and increases the determination to keep on. Some ex-tubercu-

losis patients, even when fully recovered, never go back to work because they are still so fearful. But thousands do, as is so well illustrated in the Veterans Hospital at Legion, Texas, where even the Commanding Officer, Dr. L. H. Webb, the postmaster, the cashier and others have fully recovered from tuberculosis and have returned to full-time employment. At the Legion hospital more than thirty once disabled veterans are now employed on the hospital staff. Courage is always necessary, especially for the ex-patient just leaving the hospital. Dr. Webb recognizes this need. In his letter he writes: "I try to instill in all employees the idea that each patient who leaves here can do something for himself." This spirit of courage was particularly manifested when I made my farewell to hospitals.

8. Cultivate responsibilities. The average ex-tuberculosis patient who has been repeatedly told that he is "an old chronic case," as I was, is liable to develop those tendencies and habits, which are labelled C. I. P.—that is, constitutional inadequate personality—which is meant for those who are inadequate physically and mentally. These patients avoid responsibilities. With the passing of the inactive years, while "chasing," the deliberate avoidance of responsibilities becomes a habit. The ability to lift oneself into more harmonious circum-

stances depends to a degree on one's personal determination to do so. Personal effort, tons of it, may at first seem necessary. In my own experience I have observed that once the first step upward is taken the following steps become easier. Someone has written that to recover from tuberculosis is an accomplishment all in its own class, and then to become re-established in the world on top of that is a miracle. The cultivation of responsibilities is one sure way of bringing that miracle into being.

9. Locate in friendly surroundings. Friendly surroundings are a stimulus to contentment and good health. Frequently it is said that ex-tuberculosis patients have difficulty in finding suitable quarters in which to live. Friendly quarters can always be found. In San Antonio, the Veterans Bureau maintains a list of such addresses where ex-patients are welcomed. No doubt the civic agencies in all communities, including The American Legion Auxiliary can be utilized for such purposes. The Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion Auxiliary lent me "my" typewriter, so that for the immediate present I could be usefully employed.

10. Finally, create your own environment. Make concessions. Adopt a friendly air. Be kind to your new neighbors. Avoid a critical air. Cultivate contentment.

Old Mahogany

(Continued from page 9)

Old Mahogany, however, had not the least intention of risking that jump. Turning in his tracks he went back along the slanting trunk until he reached the bank and then broke his trail by a tremendous bound into a nearby thicket, whence he made his way up the mountainside to the highway again.

Hardly was he out of sight when both packs came into view from either end of the valley and met at the brook. It was terriers who first reached the tree trunk. Following the hot scent along the stub, the staunch little dogs made their way to its end and from there plunged into the icy water and swam to the farther shore.

The hounds were hard on their heels. By a tremendous jump the leader just managed to make the opposite bank but the force of his spring broke the decayed trunk and plunged the rest of the pack into the brook. The next minute they had joined the dripping terriers on the farther side and were casting back and forth trying to find some trace of the vanished fox.

It was the leader of the hounds, after he had quartered the whole bank without picking up the scent, who first decided that both packs had been deceived by the unscrupulous fox.

With a melancholy bay he plunged into the freezing water and swam back to the other bank, followed by hounds and terriers alike. There they soon picked up the trail again but the time lost had given the animal a long lead.

In the meantime Old Mahogany was trotting along the state road, perhaps hoping for another ride such as had almost baffled his pursuers a few hours before. No such good luck was this time, for the highway stretched away before him, deserted and untraveled, nor was it long before he heard again down the wind the baying of the hounds a mile or so away.

At the sound the fox turned into an abandoned road which crossed the tracks of a little branch railway that led to some quarries.

The long chase since early morning

had begun to wear down even his iron endurance. The brush, which had flaunted high all day, like a dark-red plume, drooped and the long, easy bounds which had taken him so far and fast, had shortened by the time the trestle which spanned Deep River, like a vast cobweb, was in sight.

The baying of the packs sounded much nearer. All at once around a bend in the road appeared the hounds in front and the terriers strung out behind. As they came in sight, from far down the track came the whistle of an approaching train. At the sound, the red fox ran more and more slowly until by the time he had reached the path that spiraled up to the trestle he was leading his pursuers by only a scant hundred yards.

As the packs rushed up the path and reached the trestle, to find the fox plodding along the ties with drooping brush and lowered head, every dog gave tongue and dashed after him, the madness of the kill already upon them.

Suddenly there was another whistle

and around a bend came the train. Before the pack even realized their danger, the engine had reached the trestle and was rushing toward them. At the sight the mahogany fox came to life and with a quick bound sprang from the middle of the track to a series of beams not six inches wide which joined the ends of the ties at the edge of the trestle.

Fifty feet below was the black river, yet he ran unconcernedly at full speed toward the approaching train. Then, when it seemed as though he had but a few seconds to live—the fox disappeared. Long ago Old Mahogany had learned that in the middle of that great span a tie had been taken out, leaving an entrance to a winding set of steps for workmen on the bridge. Down these he had slipped and was safe below the tracks.

As the engineer of the train saw the dogs just ahead, he set his brakes, while the pack turned and fled for their lives. Even so, the engine would have run them down if it had not been for the leader of Rashe Howe's pack. Seeing that he was about to be overtaken, he instantly leaped out into space, to land in a great snow-drift by the edge of the river, immediately he was followed by the rest of the pack until the air was full of leaping, yelping dogs, who all escaped with their lives but were too shaken and battered to do any more fox-hunting that day.

As the train came to a full stop at the far side of the trestle, Mark's car rattled up the steep grade to the track.

"Twar'n't your fault," the old man belied to the engineer. "Twas that red devil, who blame nigh killed off two o' the best packs of huntin' dogs in this country. There he goes now," he shrieked a second later.

Sure enough, loping leisurely across the railway bridge was the fox, who had popped up as soon as the train passed above him.

"You ain't got away yet," muttered Mark. "Myron Dean's on the river road with his pack an' he'll give you the run o' your life."

As he spoke, he fired both barrels of the shot-gun which he carried, into the air, the agreed signal of the approach of the fox. Hence it was that as Old Mahogany was trotting along the narrow road which followed the farther side of the river, he heard a car approaching and even as he plunged into the nearest thicket, Myron Dean pulled up beside the trestle and unloaded his pack.

For generations the black packs of the Barrack had been celebrated throughout Litchfield County. Other hunters might experiment with brown and yellow and white, but for a hundred years the Deans had bred their hounds black. The six which tugged at their leashes as Myron stopped his car had not a white spot on their ebony bodies; only their ears and a patch of their flanks were marked with tan.

Released, the (Continued on page 48)

"Say Buddy! Here's the Perfect Convention Delegate!"



SAY SEAGRAM'S IN ST. LOUIS, TOO



If you are heading for the convention this year remember that there's nothing like a bottle of Seagram's Crown—when old pals get together.

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Have you tried the pleasing difference in Seagram's London Dry Gins—They are "SOFT-STILLED"

Old Mahogany

(Continued from page 47)

pack at once caught the fresh scent and for an instant their blended voices rose in one high, vibrant note; then they settled down to the grim silence in which the dogs of the Barrack always hunted.

The spent day was all rose-red and pearl, while tiny ponds scattered among the trees gleamed like pools of blurred silver in the wistful light as the mahogany fox sped through the slowly darkening woods.

There was little time to try any more of his wiles. Once, indeed, he ran along the top rail of a fence in an old pasture, hoping to break his trail by springing to some overhanging bough, but fell off from sheer weakness before he had gone many feet.

For a brief moment he rested and saw far below him the wide curve of the stream. Then, as he squeezed the snow-water out of his brush, he heard an ominous pad, pad, pad behind him and six black shadows flashed out of a thicket not fifty yards away.

Calling upon the last of his speed, the Red One raced toward the river, through umber patches of withered fern, with the dark hounds on his heels. Even as he reached the bank, a great cake of rough ice floated past, a good twenty feet away. Without a pause, the hunted animal leaped far out. If he missed or if he

failed to keep his footing he was lost, for no land-animal could have lived for a moment in the rush of that swollen stream.

As his body arched high above the black water it seemed as though he would fall short but changing his feet in mid-air, like the crack jumper that he was, the fox shot forward and landed full and fair on the floating slab of ice. It swayed and sank for a moment beneath his weight but clamping his blunt claws deep into the rough surface of the ice-pan, he clung to it and the next moment was whirling down the stream.

For a time the black hounds ran along beside him. Then, as a cross-current swept the mass of ice toward the farther bank, they turned and rushed back across the railroad trestle to take up the hunt again on the other side of the river.

As the floe grounded, Old Mahogany sprang ashore and dashed away with a great show of speed. As soon, however, as the pack was out of sight, he hurried back to the bank, leaped aboard the ice-boat, as it floated off and started once more on another voyage.

By the time the pack had crossed on the trestle and raced down to where the fox had landed, he was out of sight downstream and while the dogs tried in vain to puzzle out his trail, he leaped to an

overhanging willow tree on the opposite bank, a mile away, and made his way ashore.

Convinced at last that he had tangled his trail past all unraveling, the Red One moved like a shadow through the thickets. There was a smoky red flare in the east and a crimson rim showed among the black-violet shadows of the horizon as he leaped up the slope of Coltsfoot Mountain. Slowly the moon climbed the sky and became a great shield of raw gold, which turned the dark to silver. In the still light the fox made his way to the edge of a little clearing where stood an abandoned haystack, one of his many hunting-lodges.

Beneath it he had dug a long, winding burrow, connected with a maze of tunnels driven here and there and everywhere through the soft, dry hay. In the very center of the stack he had hollowed out a room in which was cached a brace of partridges, part of a covey dug out from under the snow a few weeks before. On these Old Mahogany feasted full and then, curled up in a round ball with his soft nose and tired paws buried in his warm brush, he slept sound, as a fox should sleep who had outrun, outlasted and outwitted in one day the three best packs of hunting dogs in the sovereign State of Connecticut.

Wings Over the Sea

(Continued from page 11)

reached this number in four years, and by 1931 three aircraft carriers had joined the fleet. We found in practice that the life of a plane depends upon its type. Some planes do not need replacement under four or five years, while the patrol plane may last six years.

The Vinson-Trammell Act removed the thousand-plane limitation and authorized almost double that number. A total of two thousand airplanes will provide an air arm for the fleet commen-

surate with its strength in surface ships.

The functions performed by naval airplanes fall naturally into three classes in the heavier-than-air policy: To increase the effectiveness of naval vessels, for attacks on all classes of naval objectives, and for scouting and patrolling.

The aircraft of our fleet are the latest word in flying progress. The fighting plane is small, fast and high-powered, with the primary duty to bring down enemy aircraft by means of machine-gun

fire. The torpedo and bombing plane is a large three-place plane whose mission is to attack enemy heavy vessels or shore bases with torpedoes or heavy bombs, as the case may be. The dive-bombing plane is designed to deliver a heavy bombing attack while making a vertical dive on enemy vessels or shore bases. The scouting plane is a fast, fairly long-range plane which flies out ahead of the ship to scout for the enemy and report his movements by radio, while the obser-



appearing on this issue by sending ten cents in stamps or coin to the Cover Print Department, The American Legion Monthly, Indianapolis, Indiana. The print is in full color and of the same size as the cover design, but is without lettering.

vation plane is carried on battleships for the primary purpose of spotting long-range gunfire.

These scouting planes have given us good service in maneuvers. We now have 147 of this type, armed with machine guns and bombs. These are the type of planes that made the recent successful flight to Midway Island.

Since the majority of the planes operating from aircraft are land planes, equipped with the wheel-type landing gear, many experiments have been carried on and still are in progress to overcome the hazards a flyer has to meet out over the open seas. The planes are strengthened in many particulars to withstand the hard landings at high speeds on carrier decks, as well as to prevent crack-ups from landings on rough seas. Every plane is fitted with flotation bags, located in the plane's structure, and collapsible rubber life rafts, each of which can be inflated with carbon dioxide gas from the highly charged flasks in the plane's equipment. Flotation bags when inflated, sustain the plane in case of forced landing at sea. In the emergency equipment of each plane is also a pneumatic life jacket and Very pistols as standard service issue.

Each battleship, each cruiser and each carrier now has her complement of planes. Since the aircraft carriers have by far the greatest number of planes in our sea going forces I want here to give them the honorable mention they deserve. Modern airplane carriers are armed, floating, flying fields. They are completely equipped with machine shops, elevators, repair facilities and hangar space. Their interiors are divided into more than 600 compartments and consist of several decks. Protected by the big guns of the battleships and cruisers, they bring their complements of fighting and observation planes to within operating distance of the enemy and launch their flying squadrons to attack the opposing ships.

The *Langley*, our first aircraft carrier, commissioned in 1922, was the first electrically-driven ship in our Navy. She was converted from the old collier *Jupiter* and has been of inestimable value in teaching us many lessons for future carrier building and operation.

Then followed the *Lexington* and the *Saratoga*, sister ships, each almost a hundred feet longer than the Woolworth Building is high, and they have maintained high standards of operating efficiently with the fleet. The *Lexington* is one of the fastest ships afloat. She holds the record for miles steamed in three consecutive days, when she went from San Pedro, California, to Honolulu, in an elapsed time of 74 hours and thirty-four minutes. She averaged 30.7 nautical miles for the entire voyage of 2,228 nautical miles.

The *Ranger*, our newest operating carrier, a vessel of 13,800 tons with a length of 727 feet on the water line, placed in commission at (Continued on page 50)

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Wings Over The Sea

(Continued from page 49)

the Naval Operating Base at Norfolk in June, 1934, left at once on a "shake-down cruise" to Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires and Montevideo, a four-months' trip which gave us some good lessons in carrier operation.

The two newest carriers, *Yorktown* and *Enterprise*, under construction at the Newport News Shipbuilding Company plant, will have displacement of 20,000 tons each, will be approximately 803 feet long and will carry crews of 1,380 officers and men. The *Yorktown* is scheduled to be completed in October, 1936, and the *Enterprise* in February, 1937.

With the perfection of the catapult the operation of seaplanes and amphibian planes from our battleships and cruisers has become as efficient and commonplace as the operation of planes from a carrier. These planes must be rugged enough to be catapulted, to land on rough water, and powerful enough to defend themselves against enemy fighters while carrying out their mission of spotting and scouting for our fighting vessels.

Naval Aviation has the following bases: There are the fleet air bases at Coco Solo, Panama Canal Zone, and at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii; shore stations with heavier-than-air bases at Norfolk on the Atlantic, Pensacola on the Gulf, and San Diego and Seattle on the Pacific; the Naval aircraft factory at Philadelphia, for experimenting with and investigating almost every conceivable sort of aeronautical appliance with a view to constant improvements; the aviation unit at Newport, functioning in connection with the Torpedo School; the Naval Air Detail at Dahlgren, Virginia, which assists the Naval Proving Ground at that place; the air unit at Annapolis, Maryland, which familiarizes midshipmen with flight training. Naval Reserve Aviation maintains ten bases in or near Boston, New York, Miami, Chicago, Detroit, Minneapolis, St. Louis, San Pedro, Oakland and Seattle.

The aviation squadrons of the Fleet Marine Force consist of Aircraft One at Quantico and Aircraft Two at San Diego. The Marine Corps air arm of Naval Aviation maintains fully equipped and manned squadrons, ready at all times to proceed instantly on expeditionary duty or to participate in tactical exercises such as have recently taken place in the Caribbean area.

WHAT of the personnel of these wings of the Navy? There are no finer types of efficient, courageous American manhood than are on the lists of the naval air service. Note this fact: The organization is manned entirely by officers and enlisted men drawn from the commissioned and enlisted personnel of the regular Navy. Each officer is required to

complete a minimum of two years in the capacity of ship's officer before he may be sent to flight training.

Our training station is at Pensacola, Florida. Here our Navy student flyers must go through the following training schedule before they receive their wings: A minimum of 200 hours of training flight in the air; a minimum of 75 hours solo flying; complete a prescribed course of about 305 hours, which includes the study of primary seaplanes, primary land planes, observation, gunnery, formation flying, flying-boat service with seaplanes; and added to that, a stiff course of groundschool work, which includes aerodynamics, plane structures, engines, radio and other communications, and aerology.

A naval pilot must have a thorough knowledge of the Navy—its doctrines, traditions and customs. The ability to fly, no matter how good the flyer may be, is not of itself sufficient. In tactical operations, if the enemy is sighted, the aviator must be able to determine the types of ships—sometimes only from their silhouettes—their formation, their course, their speed, probable intention, and gun power. He must be able to signal this information back to his commander in secret codes and he must continue to follow up this information as developments occur. He may have to fight his way through hostile aircraft in order to determine the exact intentions of the enemy or to report any change in disposition of the enemy fleet.

Upon receipt of this information the commander-in-chief makes the disposition of his own fleet to meet an enemy under conditions most advantageous to himself, placing his surface craft in their positions and sending his additional aircraft force to carry out missions of bombing enemy ships and attacking enemy aircraft before his own surface ships come within gun range. His attacking airplane pilots must also be able to recognize the enemy ships, as to type and size.

The aviator, when actual combat begins on the surface, must tell his ship by radio whether the shell splashes are over or short, right or left, and coach the gunners on to the target. When a dozen ships are firing at closely grouped targets, this is no easy matter. Here again the necessary knowledge of naval warfare and the necessity of constant practice assert themselves.

Operating over the open seas, the pilot must be an expert navigator. At all times he must be able to return with his unit, squadron, or alone, to the airplane carrier or other ship to which he is attached. The ship itself is capable of high speeds and may be as far as one to two hundred miles distant from the point where the original take-off was made. Aviators

must also be acquainted with naval radio codes. In fact, they must have a thorough knowledge of the Navy.

Annual fleet maneuvers constantly indicate the close co-operation and understanding necessary between the aviation forces and surface ships, and the missions performed by aviation units call for knowledge far beyond the comparatively simple duties of flying an airplane.

An idea of the extent of the fleet aircraft operations last year may be gained from the fact that during the three months' cruise from the Pacific to the Atlantic, the planes of the carriers *Lexington*, *Saratoga* and *Langley* alone flew approximately 1,500,000 miles.

What of the future? We of the naval air force are content to "say it with accomplishments." We know that the realization of the necessity for an adequate air fleet is gaining in the public

mind. During the last fleet review in New York an intense interest was evidenced by the American public in visiting the aircraft carriers. A total of 236,370 eager visitors boarded the *Saratoga* alone.

If our Navy is built up to and maintained at its Treaty strength there will be available to the Commander-in-Chief not only the finest naval air force in the world, consisting of two thousand modern planes, but also the finest ships that sail the seas.

Together these forces can prevent any enemy ever reaching our shores, whether he should attempt to come by the air or by the sea. The American Navy has never failed the American people. If difficulties arise, whereby our nation should eventually be forced into armed conflict, the people may place their faith in *their* Navy with its wings over the sea.

Hell and High Water

(Continued from page 37)

farm animals were borne along to their death. Spreading far over the valley countryside, the waters invaded scores of towns and cities, sent torrents through streets, flowed through the doors and windows of homes and stores.

Campers awakened in the middle of the night with water creeping over their mattresses. Many householders escaped just in time to see their homes swept away. Men and women clung to trees for hours waiting for daylight and boats to carry them to safety. Parents clung to babies only to see them torn from their arms and carried to death in the darkness. Others helplessly saw their children drown as rescue boats capsized. Men and women disappeared from homes and roads, and their bodies were found in the mud left by the flood miles distant.

Greatest damage from the flood and the greatest loss of life occurred in the narrow valleys filled with camps and in the communities on the smaller streams. Binghamton fortunately had warning of the flood's approach and was able to prepare against it. A member of Binghamton Post returning from a vacation in Maine drove through the devastated districts early Monday morning, saw the extent of the disaster, drove in Paul Revere fashion across country and reached Binghamton Post's clubhouse at 8 A.M. The news he brought was quickly broadcast to all post members. District Mobilization Officer Roberts rushed to Binghamton from Johnson City and appointed Franklyn E. Livernoche as County Mobilization Officer with instructions to bring all Legionnaires into action for rescue and relief. Delegations quickly arrived from the posts in Johnson City and Endicott. All men were rushed to a section of the city where the water was rising rapidly. Legionnaires in boats rescued men,

women and children held captive in their homes by the flood.

Radio Station WNBF broadcast word of the Legion mobilization. More than 150 Legionnaires responded. Early the Legion clubhouse was made a relief depot. Radio appeals urged citizens to assemble in their homes food, bedding and clothing for the refugees. Legionnaires went through the city gathering up the contributions and hauling them to the post clubhouse. The work went on into Monday night.

In countless other ways, Binghamton Post and the other posts of this area carried on their work. Scores of them stood guard in the pouring rain on the flooded streets facing the river until they were relieved by the National Guard. We knew that what we were doing in our own city was being done by other Legionnaires everywhere in the widespread flood area. Later we sent out trucks loaded with supplies to other flood-stricken communities, after our own members had made trips to determine where help was most needed. As late as Wednesday, Binghamton Post members were taking the places of regular police traffic officers on Binghamton's main streets. After the waters receded Legionnaires were sent to other stricken towns to help State and local police prevent looting of homes.

Broome County today has a new appreciation of The American Legion and everywhere in the flood region there is praise for the manner in which the posts of this section of New York mobilized to help their communities. What we ourselves learned will help us perfect our emergency organization for any future disaster. We know now that no post can feel sure that it may not be called upon to meet a test in time of peril.



BEAR FACTS

• **Hunters, fishermen and campers**—out would do well to bear this fact in mind: A grub kit filled with Heinz prepared foods will make your trip to the wilds twice as enjoyable and three times as easy on the temper and digestion!

For instance, at the end of a day of hard work and keen disappointment, there's no messing around with a greasy frying pan. Heat a can of Heinz delicious Oven-Baked Beans! They don't make them better in Boston itself!

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And finally, to help you bear up under the strain of being away from The Little Woman's own inimitable cooking, a bottle of delicious, familiar Heinz Tomato Ketchup—the standard of all Housewife Helpers and Camper's Companions!

HEINZ **57**

SLUM and BEANS

THE CONFESSIONS
OF A
MESS SERGEANT

*By Guy
V. Cochran*

MESS sergeanting was wished on me. I never knew exactly why. Perhaps I had the hard-boiled, there-ain't-no-seconds look required of kitchen rajahs in those days of August, 1917, when army lords were daily setting dry-goods salesmen and certified public accountants to peeling spuds and scrubbing pots. Possibly my just-severed employment with a jobbing concern in my home town, Dublin, Georgia, made authorities at Fort Oglethorpe suspect that I'd know my groceries. At any rate, only a week or so after my enlistment they set me in a mess hall at the fort, gave a few hurried instructions about feeding the American Army at forty-two cents a day, and let me have my head. They did not, at that time, let me have my chevrons.

This distinction came in November when, with the first influx of buff-corded boys, I arrived at Camp Joseph E. Johnston, the half-finished training ground for Quartermaster slaves at Jacksonville, Florida. Then I was permitted to place the mark of exalted station on my arm and to take permanent possession of a mess shack in the name of a Provisional Training Company. Later, when overseas orders impended, our group became the nucleus for Supply Company No. 311, Q.M.C.; but in those early days, when I was just learning that the soldier's stomach was a limitless universe, I believed a Provisional Training Company was one which trained for provisions—and the provisions were my job to supply.

Quickly I found that one rule in the old army game was the possession of something to parade—something better than the other fellow had. In the mess sergeant fraternity, this boast usually concerned a sum of money known as the company mess fund. Accumulating such a fund became the aim of every mess sergeant; bragging about its size, his chief conversational topic.

The method was simple. Because army regulations allowed forty-two cents a day for feeding each soldier, I got credit for \$105 daily to nourish my company of 250. I could use this money wherever I liked, so long as it went for subsistence. If I wished to trade at the camp commissary, well and good; and if I preferred purchasing from civilian sources, it was nobody's affair but mine. Whatever part of the ration allowance was not expended for food was paid to our officers for such company use

The ups and downs of sea travel were too much for them

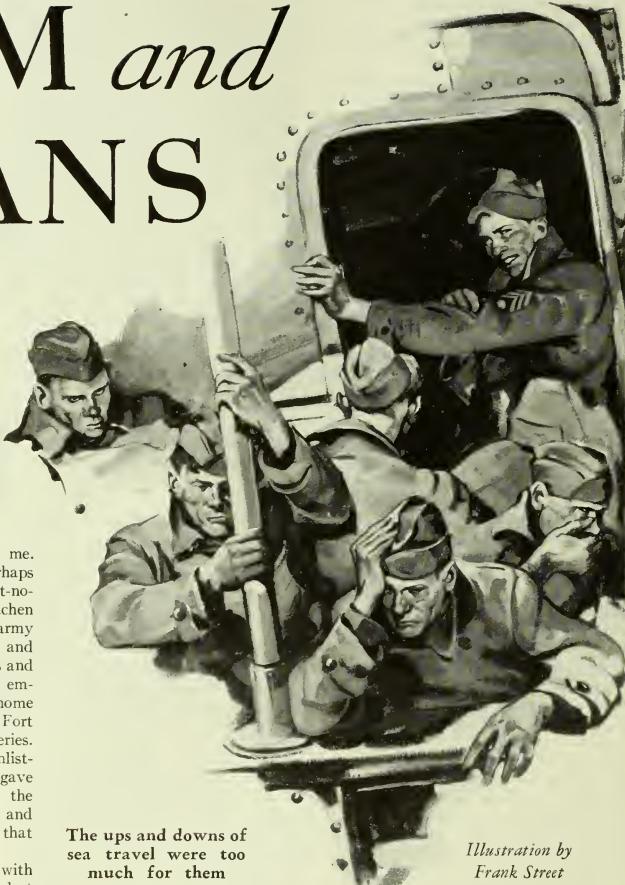


Illustration by
Frank Street

as they might want to make of it. Thus mess funds were born.

Now, a sergeant intent on amassing a tidy credit could do so by starving his men; but in that case he ran the risk of complaints from the ranks, official investigation, the loss of his stripes. It was a prospect none of us enjoyed, a chance I, for one, was not willing to take. Yet I was anxious to pile up money in the company's coffers—for a great many useful and beautiful things may be bought with money.

Another way to build the mess fund suggested itself. In Camp Johnston was a number of Y. M. C. A. men and other unattached civilians who were at liberty to eat where they liked. More, they had to pay for what they ate; and I knew that I could have the chance of attracting the \$20 or \$25 monthly these men were willing to pay, if I could establish the reputation of my company for good food and service. Satisfying these few extra mouths would take scarcely anything from the voids the Government was obliged to fill; and the recompense offered would more than balance the slight sacrifice.

The wisdom of the scheme was unassailable: Good food would attract paying guests, and paying guests would provide the wherewithal for better food. This was an unvicious circle, a perpetual motion of the menu.

By shopping around I found that staples—beans, sugar, lard,

and so on—were most cheaply bought at the camp commissary. I also found that the commissary flopped you out anything it wanted to; and you had to take the floppings and like them. Fresh beef, vegetables and fruits were to be had from Jacksonville concerns at reasonable prices. As a matter of fact, city packing houses and produce companies were so desirous of camp business that they had salesmen call on mess sergeants weekly to book orders. In my produce business at Dublin right now, I'm trading with Harry Clark, one of the big men with the Consolidated Grocery Company of Jacksonville in old Camp Johnston days.

Buying supplies from the city had a double advantage. Fresh foods were cheaper than government-issue bacon; and I was able to give my men the variety I knew they wanted (I knew because I myself wanted it that they also must want it.) Instead of a regular succession of slum, beans, salmon, slum, beans, salmon, our company had roast beef for dinner one day, roast pork the next, spareribs and even, on special occasions, chicken. We continued to serve beans on Saturdays—for on Saturdays most of the men went into town on leave; and incidentally, we thought that by serving beans we would encourage this practice and thus add pennies to our hope chest.

Almost every day for breakfast we would have fresh fruit along with the oatmeal we ate with milk and sugar instead of syrup. For supper we frequently had eggs or pancakes. To feed cakes to a company meant commencing operations over the stove at four in the afternoon; as a result, many a pancake was tough and pliable as a shoe-sole by the time mess-call sounded.

Evidently the fame of our table traveled, for soon we had attracted thirty paying guests. Meanwhile we discovered another means of increasing the sacred mess fund. New men would arrive at camp; and officials would have to attach them temporarily to organized companies for quarters and rations. Usually these rookies had been without palatable food for two or three days—training fare, as readers of this memoir must recall, was customarily limited to thick slabs of bread and willie, and sloshing ladles of canned tomatoes.

Well, if you've been out of eating for a couple of days, you won't be hard to please. Anything goes. And I'm afraid that most of the casuals who dropped in on us, did not get their full forty-two cents' worth of fodder for the short time they were our buddies. I knew they'd be grateful for anything they got; and I never expected to see any of them again in my life. The mess fund went up, up and up.

Maybe I'm not quick at learning things. Not until the war was ended did I discover that the mess sergeant was traditionally expected to steal the company fund. When we left Camp Johnston, in May, 1918, our credit in the

Jacksonville bank was around \$100—a nice nest-egg for the hard, starving days we foresaw in France.

On the transport *Martha Washington* my job was a snap. Navy personnel looked after the feeding of our men, though I lent a hand occasionally in the galleys. For the first day or so the ship's cooks had little to do. The ups and downs of sea travel were too much for us; and the stomachs undisturbed by the waves were upset by a kind of egg we were offered for breakfast. We called it a "reconditioned" egg.

After the soldiers had gained their sea-legs, however, appetites returned—and vigorously. Every eatable aboard had to go under lock and key. I was detailed to watch the bread-box, and we even placed an entire squad on guard over the loaf-slicing machine. I can confess now that I once saw a navy cook sell one of my men, freshly recovered from seasickness, a loaf of bread for one dollar. It was the most reprehensible war-profiteering I ever had contact with.

Arrived in France, we knew the ropes already—and, speaking of ropes, I want to add that we always found more could be accomplished with a box of cigars than with a written order from the major. We were given charge of subsistence warehouses near Bordeaux—first at Aucanne, just across the river, then at the American port of Bassens, a few miles downstream.

There I learned another rule of the old army game. Our outfit was destined never to know how Uncle Sam actually fed. I hope I won't be prosecuted for divulging it now, but we often had pineapple issued us by mistake for tomatoes, butter in place of lard. We drew supplies three times a month, for ten-day periods; and though rations in France were issued entirely in kind, instead of by money allowance, we still had enough left from our mess fund to get fresh fruits and vegetables occasionally from the Bordeaux market. The beef issued in France, too, was much superior to that furnished by the commissaries in America. I've seen fine, fat quarters weighing as much as 170 or 180 pounds each, coming into our mess hall.

As I write I have before me a souvenir of the Thanksgiving reunion dinner we held in 1918—a reunion, because many of the company's men had been scattered all about the Base Section in clerical, warehousing and trucking jobs. The dinner began with celery and pickles, progressed to roast turkey with cranberry jelly (I think it was cranberry. The bill of fare, printed in elegant French, said "fraises," but I believe we used "strawberry" only because we could not find the French for "cranberry"), mashed potatoes, fresh green peas and cauliflower, and ended with apple pie and "demi-tasse à la Pershing." The menu itself, a beautiful folder in red and blue on white paper, was bought from the mess fund. Its *(Continued on page 54)*

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DIFFERENT IN LOOKS... IN ACTION

KLEANBORE
NITRO EXPRESS

Slum and Beans

(Continued from page 53)

origin in a foreign print shop is attested by the remarkable spelling in the brief history of the 311th Supply Company which prefaced it—"occasions . . . get to-gether . . . regretd" and so on.

As our ranks were depleted by assignments to the city of Bordeaux and nearby army stations, my job grew heavier instead of lighter. A casual group and a company of butchers were attached to us for rations; working that crowd almost ruined my religion.

The mess-hall personnel then, as formerly, was headed by four cooks, working in shifts of two each. When the job grew unusually arduous assistants were assigned us, so we frequently had six instead of four. To help them, we had the customary daily detail of K. P.'s; and I must confess that, as much as these boys disliked their work, I never had trouble with a single one of them.

I myself usually steered clear of the stoves, left actual preparation of the food to the men supposed to look after it. Like all men, however, I took a cer-

tain pride in my abilities as a cook, and I recall one occasion when I promised the men a treat—hot Southern corn-bread such as I had often seen my mother bake.

I did not know then that this toothsome food can be made only with what we call water-ground meal—a sort of corn-meal procurable, I think, only in the southeastern United States. No actual corn-meal was obtainable in France; but I knew army-issue corn-meal mush, made by the Quaker Oats people, would do as well. I mixed the proper proportions of water and salt, added a little bacon grease, and set it in pans.

It came out tough as whip leather. The boys said they'd as soon eat a truck-driver's jerkin; and even the French dogs ran away from it and howled.

"We appreciate your making it," one of the men told me, "but we'll just eat light bread."

After that I decided I could have cooking done better than I could do it myself.

Lion's Teeth, 10¢ a Bushel

(Continued from page 29)

said this first—boasts of the finest clubhouse in the entire American Legion.

Post Commander Louis J. Canepa welcomed National Commander Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., at the post's regular boxing program on June 11th and handed him a lifetime gold pass. Mr. Canepa was proud of his outfit. For in this still-difficult year of 1935, and just a few days before the National Commander arrived, the post paid off the final installment of \$81,000 on its \$300,000 clubhouse debt and celebrated with an old-fashioned mortgage-burning ceremony. Furthermore, under Commander Canepa's own direction, the post recently redecorated its palatial home, so that today it shines in new splendor after eight years as one of Hollywood's magnificent architectural landmarks.

Make no mistake about it, Hollywood Post's claim for its clubhouse is deserved. The shining white façade behind a series of broad steps from which float the flags of the United States and all the Allied countries, the frieze of vari-colored terra cotta shields that extends across the top of the façade and gives a background for the classic lettering of the Preamble to the Legion's Constitution, the massive captured field gun that points skyward in front of a lofty flagpole—all these combine in extraordinary beauty.

Each Friday night the post has filled to capacity its boxing stadium, and each night is a gala event for Hollywood's

film stars. The most famous of them are seen regularly at the ringside and the bouts have been acclaimed as the finest now being seen in the United States. It is all literally true—no ballyhoo.

Hollywood Post's Sons of The American Legion Band ranks as a pioneer sons' outfit. It was started in August, 1933, and in its first year played at 58 affairs. The illustration on page 28 was made in the Legion Stadium immediately after the band returned from the department convention at San Francisco last year where it won first prize for the best Sons' band, first prize for the best band in the Forty and Eight parade and several other trophies. In addition to the 65-piece band, the post has a "B" band of forty members composed of boys who are trying to win a place in the major band.

Emergency Mobilization Chart

THE chart on the next page that suggests something showing the position of the planets and lesser stars in the June skies is in reality an ingenious net devised by Scarsdale (New York) Post to insure speedy mobilization of the entire Post as an emergency unit on the Scarsdale High School Athletic Field. The numbers are the telephone numbers of all the Post's 220 members. The number (148) is the telephone number of Carlton Opel, Post

Mobilization Officer. The arrows leading from Mr. Opel's number indicate the six telephone numbers he would call to start a general mobilization. Men called by Mr. Opel would call one or more other numbers, as shown by the net, and calls would continue as indicated until every post member had been called.

Boy Scouts and the Legion

CALIFORNIA, fourth in number of American Legion posts, is first in the number of Boy Scout troops sponsored by posts, according to a recent compilation of the National Boy Scout Council. There are 483 Legion-sponsored Scout troops among California's 529 posts. New York ranks second, with 227 troops among 848 posts; Illinois third, with 222 troops and 758 posts; Ohio fourth, with 170 troops and 509 posts; Minnesota fifth, with 154 troops and 459 posts, and Pennsylvania sixth, with 148 troops and 619 posts.

In the Hour of Need

TOO often it seems that in the rush and complications of this industrial age the old spirit of neighborly helpfulness which flourished in more leisurely times has been forgotten. But that spirit still lives in Southbridge, Massachusetts. It was evoked by Southbridge Post after fire had destroyed the home of one of its members, leaving the Legionnaire, his wife and their three children homeless and practically destitute.

"While the embers were still smoldering," writes Post Historian H. Emerson Hill, "the post took charge, contacted all organizations which could supply shelter and clothing for the immediate moment.

Then committees were formed and the post procured a new permanent home for the family, and furnished it from top to bottom."

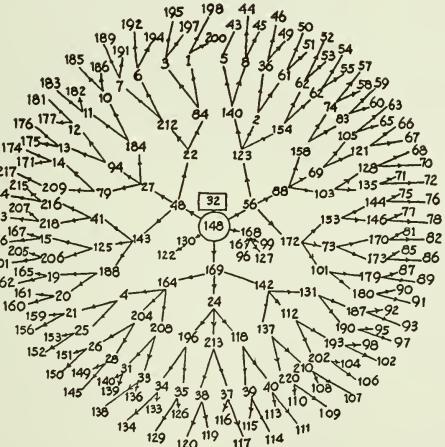
Mortgage Burning

ALMOST anybody could burn a mortgage away back in 1927 when Clyde B. Jones Post of Oconto, Wisconsin, blithely bought a home of its own for \$6,200. Debts in that golden day were obliterated in carefree fashion, because in one way or another it wasn't so difficult for any busy post to raise funds when and if needed. But the post in Oconto set a precedent for boom days by not putting a plaster on its new home immediately. Instead, every single one of its members kicked in with his adjusted service certificate, and an Oconto bank put these away as security for the money it advanced for the purchase of the building. The mortgage came a bit later. It came when the post had raised \$2,000. The bank took this, handed back the adjusted service certificates to their owners and accepted the post's written promise to pay the remaining \$3,300.

Paying off a mortgage, easy in 1927, isn't so easy in 1935. But that's what Clyde B. Jones Post did, reports Post Trustee Giles V. Megan. Two hundred members of the Legion and Auxiliary saw the ceremony of the burning of the mortgage, he writes.

New Citizens and Friends

WHEN the New Hampshire Department last year opened six schools of Americanism, offering free courses in citizenship (Continued on page 58)



Using this chart of its members' telephone numbers, Scarsdale (New York) Post can assemble swiftly as an emergency unit. As he himself is called by phone, each member calls others whose numbers have been assigned to him

These words
MEAN EXACTLY
WHAT THEY SAY



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"MORE SMOKING HOURS PER TIN"

THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

Some Bonus Truths, "To Combat the Autocracy of Both the Classes and the Masses,"
War Veterans and Other People, Draw Editors' Comments

RECENT articles by even such ardent anti-bonus commentators as *Time*, Paul Mallon, and others freely acknowledge that had the Legion-Vinson Bill been passed, the Administration would never have found thirty-nine votes to sustain the Presidential veto.

The Legion's attitude was at all times consistent. We did not believe in advocating any particular method of payment. We left that to Congress. We believed, too, that by sponsoring a particular method, we would alienate many who would otherwise be with us but who might oppose a given method.

We were warned that the Patman Bill (whether with reason or not) would be met with the added argument of inflation, whereas we believed the issue of immediate payment should stand on its own merits. We were warned that anti-payment advocates were throwing their strength to the Patman Bill over the Vinson Bill because they knew that was the best method of defeating payment.

After Congress had approved the Patman plan the Legion leaders threw every ounce of energy they had behind that plan. They were defeated but completely vindicated.

Despite the preliminary warnings of Legion leaders, thousands of veterans, yes even Legionnaires and, we regret to add, even some Legion posts, preferred to listen to certain publicity seekers, whose appeals are always to the emotions and never to the intellect, and contacted their Senators and Congressmen to sponsor the Patman plan over the Vinson. Others were influenced by those who were interested only in the question of inflation and who never before had given a thought to the veteran.

We hope that those Legionnaires, and veterans generally, will realize that they have played into the hands of their enemies. We hope that veterans will come to a realization that their hope rests within the Legion and not outside of it.—*New Jersey Legionnaire*.

MORE LIKE IT

QUE of the most cheerful notes that we have heard in many a moon is expressed in the current issue of *Foreign Service*, the official publication of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. An editorial on the bonus situation states that that organization is going to press for a bill that will authorize payment and does not carry Congressman Patman's currency expansion proposal. We quote from the editorial:

"Those members of Congress who advocated adoption of the ill-fated Patman Bill have publicly announced postponement of further activities on their part until the next session of Congress.

"The leaders of the V. F. W., however, and other veteran groups, have refused to consider an armistice. As a result, a new bill for immediate cash payment of adjusted service certificates—minus Representative Patman's currency inflation plan—is to be introduced in the upper branch of the Congress."

Here is something worth while. Certainly the organizations can get together on this common ground. Let Congress decide

which way to raise the money. Keep the outside issues off the tail of the bill.—*Southwest Veteran, Tucson, Arizona*.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES

IN ONE respect capitalists and Communists find a common cause—in their denunciation of the veterans of the World War. Each calls them the ally of the other. In truth, they are the ally of neither. They have just as much contempt for the selfish greed of the worshippers of Mammon as for the destructive tenets of the radical. Communists, fearful of vigilante action, call on The American Legion to preserve law and order. Capitalists, in terror at the prospect of sabotage directed against their plants, appeal to the patriotism of The American Legion to prevent riot and disorder. The Legion should be as quick to tell one group as the other to take a running jump into a convenient lake.—*Oregon Legionnaire*.

IS THERE A DIFFERENCE?

THE patriotic organizations of this nation have educational work to do which must be given careful thought and handled with every degree of tolerance. When the Chief Executive of a nation states that there is no difference in the citizens who served in the military ranks during a period of war and those who remained private citizens, enjoying the protection furnished them by the spilling of immortal blood, then, to our way of thinking, it is time for those who know the horrors of war to carry to the classrooms of our educational institutions, and to every individual, facts and not theories about the meaning of patriotism.

It's seventeen years since the World War. Some only know through history that it occurred. To others it is only a dream. Still more have forgotten it. Is it possible anyone would want some mother's son sacrificed on the altar of economic recovery? There is work to be done by The American Legion.—*Arkansas Legionnaire*

HIGH PEAKS ARE LONELY

THROUGH all the ages leaders have been secretly unpopular, and many men learned only at the end that the price one must pay for excellence is loneliness. Usually after they had given the best that was in them for their followers they were shunned, exiled, disowned, assassinated, crucified.

Why should this be so often true? Hidden envy for the exceptionally gifted is the only answer. If the leader of a herd of elephants happens to meet a strong adversary on an off-day, does the herd pitch in and help him defend himself? No. They gather around in a circle and watch the sport. If he wins they cheer. If he loses they jeer. They secretly gloat at his downfall, ostracize him and beg the winning stranger to take his place.

Among all this nation's leaders, Washington stands almost alone as a man who retained his standing to the end. But it is not hard to imagine the conversations about him which did not reach the history books—revilings, slander, doubt as to his

motives, criticisms of his methods, complaint about food and shoes and quarters.—*Shrapnel, Elmwood Park (Illinois) Post*.

FRONT LINE TRENCHES OF PEACE

SERVICE to the community," was exemplified in its highest sense by the Legionnaires of southwestern Nebraska during the recent Republican Valley flood disaster, according to reports that have been coming in to Department Headquarters. For the most part, the daily papers gave but little or no mention to the rescue work done by the Legionnaires, who did not wear uniforms or caps and did not have their drum corps out for this occasion. They got into their work clothes, and carried on a remarkable job of rescue work out where the newspaper reporters never got to see them. The Legion was in the "front line trenches." The reporters and radio men were back in the "S. O. S."

Not a Legionnaire who went into the flood area stopped to think of personal danger. There was a job to be done, and it needed men of skill and training to do it. The Legionnaires were equipped to tackle that job, and they did it.—*Nebraska Legionnaire*.

SHARE-THE-WEALTH PLANS

THERE are many reasons for the extreme popularity of the share-the-wealth plan at this particular time; two of which are entitled to some of our limited space. The first is the depression which has caused so much suffering, misery and actual want, and in addition caused a loss of the spirit of independence in many of our people. The second is the antics of a small percentage of those who still possess unlimited wealth and sufficient time to display their folly on the pages of our daily press.

There are such parasites in each succeeding lower bracket of society but for every case you can mention there are five where people of great wealth or even modest fortunes have used them for a greater good of humanity than our politicians and Government could.

Let's not lose our head on any so-called share-the-wealth plan. We still think the average American wants only a chance to make a decent living in the American way. That cannot be accomplished by driving wealth into hiding or into foreign countries.

We came to the present disaster by all trying to cash in on our share of a kited check at the same time. Let's not make the same mistake again.—*The Reveille, Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post, Denver, Colorado*.

MORE ABOUT THE BONUS

THE determined inclination of a Congressional group to use the great demand for immediate and full payment of adjusted service certificates as a blackjack to enforce their inflation ideas ap-

pears to have paralyzed the "bonus" for the present. But that paralysis will be cured. If full payment does not come through the action of this Congress, it will come in January of 1936, or soon thereafter. The American Legion has not let up in the fight, nor will it let up.—*Tennessee Legionnaire*.

COMMUNISTS IN THE CAMPS

TOGETHER with the President's decision to increase the number of CCC camps from 1,600 to 2,600 comes definite proof that the Communists are going to make a determined effort to instill their creed into the youths who attend these camps.

There is little question but that the seeds of Communism will fall on fertile ground. Discontent brought on by enforced idleness, combined with the loss of self reliance which comes to most of those who have long been public charges, has prepared our youth to accept the doctrines of Lenin.

The foundation of the Communists' scheme is to enroll young men from the Youth Congress, American League against War and Fascism, and the Young Communist's League in the camps and have them work directly from the inside.

In Michigan, with the CCC quota for veterans fixed at 1,600, only 500 applications have been filed. The only reason is that only veterans on welfare relief are to be accepted. It would be common sense, not favoritism, for the Government to remove this relief restriction in the case of veterans. By so doing it could assure itself of a large number of enrollees who once offered their lives to perpetuate American ideals for the same salary young Communists are being paid to destroy them.—*Almont News, Montgomery Post, DuBois, Pennsylvania*.

GET RID OF THE LEECHES

THOSE who would enter another country, accept protection and benefits under its government, and then refuse to apply for and become citizens, have no justification for remaining within its boundaries. As a consequence, it must have been a source of gratification to members of The American Legion when they read in press dispatches not long ago that steps have been taken to deport some six million foreigners.

Not a few foreigners look upon America as a nation of suckers who have only one ambition—to acquire great wealth. Many of the approximately six million appear to have no desire to become Americans, so why tolerate their presence among us. Get rid of the leeches!

The American Legion continues to perform an effective service to the people of the United States, by insisting upon ridance of these six million derogatory influences. "Soldiers of yesterday, builders of today, guardians of tomorrow." That's The American Legion.—*Idaho Legionnaire*.



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Lion's Teeth, 10¢ a Bushel

(Continued from page 55)

study to foreign-born residents of the State's principal towns, it encountered opposition from other interests which had been inoculating prospective citizens with extreme radical doctrines, at the same time charging those aided fees which were considerable. Now, reports Chris J. Agrafiotis, Department Americanism Officer, a high school instructor of Manchester, the Legion program has hundreds of graduates, men and women born abroad who have been naturalized with the Legion's help. Many other members of the classes have taken out first papers in the naturalization courts and will later become full-fledged citizens.

The Legion's program has meant much to the State, Mr. Agrafiotis writes, because it seemed once that subversive groups were making great headway among the foreign-born of New Hampshire. By winning the confidence of the men and women whom the subversive groups sought as converts, by giving them sound instruction in American principles, the Legionnaires have made lasting friends of the many new citizens and prospective citizens.

The largest and most outstanding school is at Manchester, the State's main manufacturing center. This school was founded by William H. Jutras Post and classes are held in the post's clubrooms. On the opening night, 365 persons attended. Other schools were conducted by Lester W. Chase Post of Derry, Concord Post and the posts in Nashua, Suncook and Hooksett.

Boys and Strawberries

ONCE upon a time the revolutionary armies of Central America were reported to be composed entirely of generals. A buck private in such an army would be no more conspicuous than a tenderfoot in Troop 5 of the Boy Scouts sponsored by Norman McLeod Post of Plant City, Florida, which has on its roster exactly thirty-three Eagle Scouts. Post Commander E. E. Hill hangs up this record for the rest of The American Legion, confident that no other troop in the country can beat it. In keeping with its fine Boy Scout record, the post, which has 234 members of its own in a town of 8,400, recently established a squadron of Sons of The American Legion with seventy members.

Norman McLeod Post assigns to the strawberry a large share of the credit for its success. Plant City claims distinction as the winter strawberry capital of the world by virtue of the strawberry shortcake filler it ships in the ninety-day season. On a single day this year, February 11th, fifty-three solid cars of strawberries were loaded for shipment to northern markets. Sales this year totaled \$1,720,-

000. Annually the city holds a strawberry festival in which the post has a prominent part. In each festival the post "sells to the public" an automobile. Proceeds from this annual enterprise have enabled the post to build its own clubhouse and a hut for the Scouts and the Sons' squadron. Incidentally, no Legionnaire has ever won the automobile in the annual raffle.

Pig, Duck, Guinea Hen

THE St. Louis national convention will come and go in September and 11,000 posts will begin in October the perennial job of lining up members for a new year. Any post which in other years has tried most of the time-honored methods of holding membership contests is advised that California posts in 1935 perfected a new one which ought to work anywhere. Several years ago the Ohio Department put into circulation an obnoxious monkey, a chattering pest, during a contest between districts. The Californians this year improved on that idea.

Santa Cruz Post, first to report, said that its Legion Piggy-Go-Round brought in seventy members in two weeks and got its whole town laughing. It started with the introduction of a baby pig at a meeting, followed by the appointment of a membership committee of 100. Custody of the pig was conferred upon a member of this committee, chosen by lot. He was instructed to keep the pig until he had obtained the renewal of a member on the list of delinquents or had enroled a new member. Then he was to pass the pig to the next man on the membership committee. The next day the pig began making unannounced appearances at stores, doctors' and lawyers' offices, luncheons of service clubs and elsewhere. At the end of thirteen days it had been transferred seventy times. A Legionnaire keeping the pig more than twenty-four hours paid a fifty-cent penalty.

Glendale Post gained 150 members and reached its quota of 650 in a Pass the Duck Campaign. Post Commander Fred T. Laing reports that Clarence, the post duck, was a town celebrity from the moment he began his rounds. Clarence was so successful that Elwyn Davis, former Chaplain of Glendale Post and this year Commander of Pueblo (Colorado) Post, procured a Colorado duck, duly christened Mike, and put him to work in Pueblo. Result: 82 members signed up in three weeks.

Being host to a monkey, a pig or a duck has obvious disadvantages. Even less desirable as a guest is a guinea hen, the post in Burbank discovered. Noisie, the post's guinea hen, made her debut at a meeting of the city council, swiftly passed

from the mayor to the city manager, then through the ranks of Legionnaire councilmen before beginning her rounds of other post members. Before her retirement, she had put the post over its quota.

Tested By Fire

THE first thing Noble Beckwith Post of Bethel, Vermont, does in each new post year, after electing a new set of officers, is to pay the premium on the post's fire insurance policy. It has been doing the same thing regularly for eleven years, writes Past Post Historian Paul F. Wilson, with no returns except peace of mind. Before that! Well, is there any post anywhere which can equal Noble Beckwith Post's record of two fires in two years? Burned out completely twice, that's it.

Mr. Wilson, totally and permanently disabled by arthritis (service connected) for the past seven years, confined to a wheel chair, now living in Wellesley, Massachusetts, tells the story. It begins with 1921 when Bethel's Legionnaires leased the century-old Shedd house in the center of the village, sublet the rooms to the Women's Relief Corps. Followed many complications: Mustard left on the Relief Corps china, leading to threats of secession by the W. R. C.

"This union was dissolved by fire on October 21st," writes Mr. Wilson. "The house burned to the ground but much of its contents was saved, including the original charter of the G. A. R., its crossed sabers and its stuffed American eagle, with tail-feathers somewhat scorched by the fire.

"Then the post moved into the Moody Block, and with it again the Women's Relief Corps. Just as the two organizations were working up to another healthy fight over general untidiness and misplacement of flags and officers' chairs, another fire on December 20, 1922, settled their disputes forever. The block was gutted and the roof fell in. The next morning the G. A. R. charter was found

still hanging on the wall, charred, covered with ice. The eagle lost many feathers and its identity.

"We then moved into the third story of the next block. Once again citizens generously contributed chairs, stoves and whatnot. A member of the W. R. C. gave us pictures of Lincoln, Washington and the Battle of Gettysburg. Also her husband's gavel. For the third time we invited the W. R. C. to move in with us. Their tacit and wary reply was: 'Three stories up is too long a climb. We ain't as young as we used to be.'

"For a few years the ladies met in Odd Fellows Hall, then disbanded. May the Legion Auxillary ever be as faithful. The few dishes that survived the two fires and rough washings by Legion K. P.'s were divided among the living W. R. C. members as remembrances."

Roll Call

ALBERT CURTIS is a member of Louis Halphen Post of Legion, Texas . . . Vilas H. Whaley is chairman of the National Legislative Committee and belongs to Racine (Wisconsin) Post . . . Thomas J. Malone is a member of Theodor Petersen Post of Minneapolis . . . Dr. Samuel M. Edison is Vice-Commander of Chicago Medical Post . . . Ed Carruth is a Past National Vice Commander and belongs to Carey R. McLaren Post of Herington, Kansas . . . Edward J. Moran is Commander of Binghamton (New York) Post . . . Dan Sowers is a member of Greenville (Kentucky) Post.

Among the artists, J. W. Schlaikjer, who made the cover design, is a member of Winner (South Dakota) Post . . . J. Clinton Shepherd belongs to Westport (Connecticut) Post . . . Kenneth F. Camp is a member of Scarsdale (New York) Post . . . A. A. Wallgren is Commander of Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Grant Powers is a member of that post.

PHILIP VON BLON



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Name.....

Address.....

Give The Little Man a Hand

(Continued from page 23)

talking about his ability and chances against Baer and therefore the gate would suffer. To get that bout we had to guarantee Lasky five thousand dollars and when the match was made folks said it wouldn't draw two dogs and a Chinaman—a crack often used in boxing circles meaning a poor gate. Little Gould had to scamper about town and get up the guarantee and post a bond and at that time dough was hard to scare into one spot. I had trained hard for two weeks and Lasky took sick and the bout had to be postponed. I hurt one of my sparring partners and we had to send him home to Canada and pay the others. Joe had spent \$1600 and it looked like the battle was jinxed. The papers kidded it but Joe never lost heart. When we won that bout and the show made money I knew we'd get the title shot.

We had never received large purses,

even in our flush days when I was knocking out the good light-heavyweights, and when we received the check for our end of the Baer match it would have done your heart good to see little Joe with the slip for \$34,000. He was leaping around with it in his hand shouting, "Lookit that, lookit that, we're back in the chips!" After the fight, in my dressing room, which was a madhouse, little Joe was the happiest man in the world. He went about shouting, "Where's Corn Muffins—there's my hero" (meaning Corn Griffin, the Southern heavyweight who started me on my comeback trail). Here was Gould in his hour of victory thinking of the man who had made us. I hope I have given you a fair picture of my skipper—my top kick—the man who did more to make me heavyweight champion than anyone I know—my buddy—Joe Gould.

The Galloping Goose

(Continued from page 34)

officer at the left is Captain Sparrow, our beloved commanding officer who later lost his life in the Vera Cruz storm.

"The minister enjoyed the trip so much that he arranged two excursions to Barranquilla for all of us. This eighteen-mile journey was made on a narrow-gauge railway which burned wood for fuel. We had to stop several times for wood and water and the trip consumed an hour each way. It was an interesting visit. Back to Santiago, Cuba, February 11th, for coal and water, we arrived at the Barbados on February 23d, then on a south-by-east course, crossed the Equator on March 4th with our Neptune party staged at 9:30 A. M. A tragic happening marred the ceremony.

"About half of the crew had been initiated when Seaman Hinners came up for the rites. He either fell or dove into the canvas tank of water, striking on his head and suffering a paralysis from which he passed away in a hospital in Rio de Janeiro on April 1st. Of course, that accident stopped the ceremonies.

"We were sent to Rio de Janeiro to relieve the U. S. S. *Pittsburgh* which had been stationed there for two years, but orders were changed and we arrived in New York two weeks after leaving that port. During our three-week stay in Rio, however, we had ample opportunity to visit this interesting city of more than a million population.

"Our next cruise from New York was to St. Johns, Newfoundland, where as told in your department in the April,

1934, issue of the Monthly, the C-5 was lost at sea."

THE battle cry of "Where's Elmer?" started at the Legion national convention in Portland, rang out more loudly the following year in Chicago, and continued at Miami. Now as the time draws near for a greater Legion national convention in St. Louis, September 23d to 26th, Legionnaires have determined that not alone the one Elmer, but all of the Elmers will be found.

In the Monthly of December, 1934, Elmer James Casey of Boston started the ball rolling by requesting all Elmers to report to him. Some thirty or more responded. Now Elmer J. Schwartz of 637 Boatmen's Bank Building, St. Louis, has been appointed chairman of the Elmer Club. He asks that all Legionnaires whose first, middle or last name is Elmer write to him immediately, so they may be enrolled in the Elmer Club. There are no dues. Special events to celebrate the finding of Elmer are being planned for convention week.

This is our final listing of convention reunion announcements. Outfits that make last minute decisions to meet in St. Louis may still obtain publicity for their reunions by writing to John J. Sweeney, Chairman of Reunions, 1300 Clark Avenue, St. Louis.

Details of the following national convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names and addresses are given:

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION WORLD WAR NURSES—Annual meeting and reunion. Mrs. Laureta Burke, natl. secy., 128 Mt. Vernon st., Roxbury, Mass.

THE NATIONAL YEROMEN F—Tenth annual reunion and meeting. Miss Helen Wiesenhus, natl. adjt., 7 May st., New Haven, Conn.

EX-SERVICE LADIES—Reunion and banquet. Mrs. Clara Heintz, Missouri Union, National Post, A, 1445 Penrose av., St. Louis.

1st Div.—Convention reunion. Newly organized Midwest Chapter, C. D. Mitchell, adjt., Quentin Roosevelt Post, 3210 Chippewa st., St. Louis.

2d Div.—F—Convention reunion. Official headquarters, Statler Hotel. John Milford, chmn., Pierce bldg., St. Louis.

4th Div.—National reunion. Election of officers and banquet. Elks Club, St. Louis, Sept. 23. Send stamped envelope for copy of *Fif Leaves* with reunion program to Dr. Newton J. Hawley, chmn., 456 Florence av., Webster Groves, Mo.

4th Div. ASSOC. OF WISCONSIN—Annual reunion at Milwaukee, Sept. 21 and 22. Banquet on 21st.

5th Div.—Reunion on way to Legion national convention and national 4th Div. reunion at St. Louis. Howard J. Van Ooyen, pres., 929 W. Commercial st., Appleton, Wise.

33d Div.—Proposed reunion. Wm. E. Keith, 127 N. Dearborn st., Rm. 1022, Chicago, Ill.

39th Div.—Reunion. Convention reunion of all units. Div. HQ, registration at Broadway and Chestnut st., St. Louis. Barbecue at Western Rowing Club, 5000 South Broadway, Tues. night, Sept. 24, after parade. Raymond E. La Driere, secy., 1210-1212 Olive st., St. Louis, in charge of arrangements.

90th Div.—Convention reunion. R. W. Anderson, The Box Mfg. Co., Kewanee, Ill.

92d Div.—Convention reunion. Special meeting of Co. M, 3d Inf. Regt. Leo D. Lewis, chmn., 3907 N. Wells st., St. Louis.

52d Inf.—Convention reunion. Registered with Arthur N. Rath, 3650a Humphrey st., St. Louis, or 52d Inf. Vets. Assoc., Westboro, Mass.

138th Inf. (1st Regt.) OWN—Reunion, Sat. Sept. 1st, 1936, 2 p. m., Battleground Armory, Grand and Hickory sts., St. Louis. Al J. Haemerle, exec. vice-pres., 1935 A. L. Conv. Corp., Statler Hotel, St. Louis.

349th INF. 88th DIV.—Veterans interested in service reunion, address James H. McKinley, 2449 Adams av., Overland, Mo.

352d INF. 88th DIV.—Reunion. Bill Hall, 609 Hamilton av., St. Louis.

354th INF. CO. D—Reunion. W. J. Donnelly, 5501 Charlotte, Kansas City, Mo.

75th F. A. (Garrison, 1st Inf. Cav.)—Reunion. Check up on former comrades at the official convention registration booths.

128th F. A., 35th DIV.—Reunion. Alonso R. Keifer, secy., City Hall, St. Louis, or James K. McNeely, pres., 161 Delmar bldg., St. Louis.

33d F. A. BAND—Proposed reunion. Leland T. Buzz, Fulton, Ky.

340th F. A., 89th DIV., A. E. F.—Reunion and banquet. Daniel Bartlett, 506 Olive st., St. Louis.

11th F. A. BAND—Proposed reunion. Clarence Rowe, 1131 Norwood, Toledo, Ohio.

3rd FIELD SIG. BN.—Reunion. H. C. Billingsley, Prairie du Rocher, Ill.

313th F. S. B.—Proposed reunion headquarters at Statler Hotel. Chas. L. Jones, M. D., Gilmore City, Iowa.

12th ENGRS.—Home-coming reunion of St. Louis regiment. John J. Barada, secy., 514 Holly Hills av., St. Louis.

14th ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Convention reunion. Carroll E. Scott, 54 College av., Medford, Mass., for particulars, copy regimental directory and the *News*.

21st ENGRS. L. R. Soc.—15th annual reunion. F. G. Webster, secy-treas., 6819-a Prairie av., Chicago, Illinois.

23d ENGRS. Assoc.—National reunion. Benny H. Benson, secy., 518 N. Cuylar av., Oak Park, Illinois.

29th ENGRS.—Reunion. Write Capt. John Prichard, 1000 Franklin bldg., St. Louis.

31st RV. ENGRS.—15th annual reunion. F. E. Love, secy-treas., 104½ First st., St. Louis, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

50th ENGRS. (SEACOASTLIGHT)—Reunion. W. H. White, 4832 Bryn Mawr av., Minneapolis, Minn.

60th RV. ENGRS. A. E. E. Soc.—Annual reunion. L. H. Foord, 3181 Flower st., Huntington Park, Calif.

314th ENGRS. Reunion. Bob Walker, secy., 2720 Elm st., St. Louis.

312th ENGRS. CO. A, 57th DIV.—Proposed reunion. Chas. R. R. Fiedler, Charleroi, Pa.

AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS A. E. F. VETS.—Annual convention. Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1132 Bryn Mawr av., Cranford, Pa.

1st GAS CORPS—Proposed reunion. Victor Lomuller, 74 W. 69th st., New York City.

1st SUP. BRIDGE. C. A. C. VETS. ASSOC.—Proposed reunion banquet and reorganization of men who served in Camp Maily and Haussmann, William McKinley, 24 Gilman st., Holbrook, Mass.

MOTOR TRANSP. CO.—Proposed reunion, Sept. 23. Carl R. Haupt, 5801 Pershing av., St. Louis.

M. T. C. REPRO. UNITS 301-2-3—Reunion. Chas. C. Anderson, 2230 Cooper av., St. Louis.

M. T. C. 405, and 20th DIV. SUP. TRN. CO., 4—Reunion, Sept. 23. James O. Billings, 1220 W. 35th av., Gary, Ind.

AUX. REMOUNT DEPOT 307, MED. DET., and VET. CORPS—Reunion. A. L. Gipson, Route 2, Marshall, Okla.

7th SUP. TRN. CO. A—Reunion. Fred J. Reed, Oberlin, Ohio.

MED. DET., 306TH AMMUN. TRN.—Reunion. Dr. R. L. Ladd, 1000 Franklin bldg., St. Louis.

3d CORPS ART. PARK. CO. D—Reunion. L. G. Carpenter, 908 W. 3d st., Waterloo, Iowa.

Q. M. DET., ISSUEDEN—Reunion. Frank L. Mullett, 23rd St. Medford, Mass.

Q. M. C. BAND, 1st Inf. Regt.—Reunion. Harry W. McMillan, 1000 Franklin av., St. Louis.

NATL. TANK CORPS VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion. Clark Hudson, natl. adjt., 100 N. Broadway bldg., St. Louis.

52d TEL. BN., CO. D, S. C.—Reunion. Jas. H. West, 1000 Franklin av., St. Louis.

116th R. R. TEL. BN.—Proposed reunion. Lloyd W. Miles, Room 303, LaSalle St. Station, Chicago, or Walter G. Stansel, Room 900, Central Station, Chicago.

419th TEL. BN.—Proposed reunion. H. T. Maden, secy., 98 Hatch st., Cincinnati, Ohio.

ARM. SERV. VETS.—Proposed general reunion of all Air Serv. men. Frank H. Stacey, Route 4, Springfield, Mo.

.557th AERO SQUADN.—Proposed reunion. Send address to Louis A. Bookler, 1650 S. Spring st., St. Louis.

.507th AERO SQUADN.—Proposed reunion. Report to Robert L. Chappell, Louisiana, Mo.

154th AERO SQUADN.—Vets. interested in reunion, report to R. F. Kennard, P. O. Box 445, Rome, Ga.

160th AERO SQUADN.—Proposed reunion. H. L. Renfro, Chester, Ill.

187th AERO SQUADN.—Reunion. Ralph G. Ranney, care of Conv. Hd., Statler Hotel, St. Louis.

495d AERO SQUADN., ROMONANTS.—Reunion. J. F. Christy, Box 193.

(Continued on page 62)

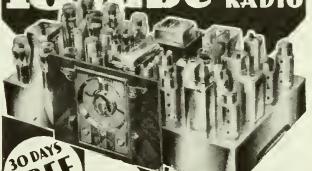
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P. O. Box 1357, Indianapolis, Indiana

The Galloping Goose

(Continued from page 61)

Blackwell, Oklahoma, will have charge of the plans.

SQDN. D, SCOTT FIELD, ILL., and A. G. S. D., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Proposed reunion, J. E. Jennings, 112 S. 3d st., Louisville, Ky.

Post Sqdn. Sqdn. D, Ft. SILL, OKLA.—Proposed

reunion. Dr. C. P. Scudder, 403 Peoples

Bank bldg., Washington, D. C.

S202 AERO REPAIR SQDN., ISSOUDUN—Proposed

reunion. Frank L. Mullett, 28 Pearl st., Mifflinburg, Pa.

U. S. NAV. AIR STA., KILLINGHORNE, ENGL.—Officers and men interested in convention reunion, report to David O. Gran, 2224 Kimball av., Chicago, Ill.

U. S. NAV. AIR STA., PORTO CORSINI, ITALY—Proposed convention reunion. Roy L. Anderson, 527 S. Wells st., Chicago, Ill.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion. Headquarters in Hotel Jefferson, St. Louis. Harry E. Resing, comder offcr, 233 S. Alwood st., Wichita, Kans. Carl D. McCarthy, personnel offcr, Kempton, Ind.

U. S. A. CANAL ZONES VETS. Assoc.—Annual reunion. John L. Gilbert, pres., Passaic, N. J., or A. F. Goodwin, secy., Cloverside, N. J.

U. S. NAV. MARINE—Reunion of men who served in Philadelphia and Cuba. Headquarters at Chase Hotel, St. Louis. E. G. MacDonald, 518 Security Bank bldg., Sheboygan, Wise.

NAVAL SQUADRON, BOSTON—Reunion of all sailors and officers on station. Dr. Roy D. Ellsworth, ex-chgdn., 28 Bonneville, Miss.

U. S. S. BROOKLYN and ASIATIC STA.—Proposed

reunion of former shipmates. Herman Rau Hutt, 315 Virginia av., Jeffersonville, Ind.

U. S. S. DEADERICK—Reunion. Jack Goldberg, 111 Ellington st., Dorchester, Mass.

U. S. S. JULIA LUCHERINI—Reunion of ex-members of Armed Guard and crew. J. L. Denton, Pinekeyville, Ill.

U. S. S. MONTICELLO—Vets. of crew of 1917-1918. John M. Hanna, White Hotel, Logan, W. Va.

U. S. S. NO. CAROLINA—Proposed reunion. U. S. S. No. Carolina Assoc., 223 Citizens bldg., Louisville, Ky.

U. S. S. ST. LOUIS—Proposed reunion and banquet. Robert S. Kelly, chdr. secy., U. S. S. Naval Academy, Newport, R. I.

U. S. S. WEST POOL and ARTEMUS—Reunion. Frank Noelle, 658 Ledyard st., Detroit, Mich.

U. S. S. WILDERNESS—Proposed reunion. Walter G. Peterson, 1005 S. 11th st., St. Louis.

PRISONERS OF WAR AT CASSEL, GERMANY—Proposed

reunion banquet. Paul Miller, Star City, Ark.

BASE HOSP. 136, A. E. F.—Annual reunion. Elmer V. McCarthy, M. D., secy., 104 N. State st., Chicago, Ill.

BASE HOSP. 34TH DIV., CAMP CODY, N. M.—Vets. interested in reunion, notify Jack Dunn, 230 N. 2d st., Springfield, Ill.

14TH DIVISION BARRACKS POST HOSP. ASSOC.—Annual reunion during Legion national

convention. Roy M. Speier, secy., 3861 Shaw av., St. Louis.

CLUB CAMP HOSP. FIFTY-TWO, LE MANS, FRANCE—Reunion. Retired to Albert Almond, chmn., 333 Houston St., Waco, Tex., or Adella, Ga.

ASIA HOSP. CO. 348—Proposed reunion. Dr. James A. Slack, ex-comdr., Friars Point, Miss.

EVAC. HOSP. NO. 3—Reunion. Banquet Sept. 24th, after parades. A. R. Linberg, 308 N. Commercial, St. Louis.

30 U. S. ENGRS. (War with Spain)—Reunion. Art. S. Baldwin, 6301 Michigan av., St. Louis.

8TH ARMY CORPS VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion at Statler Hotel, St. Louis, one hour after parade, Sept. 24. George S. Geis, 127 N. Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

MO. CHAPTER DISABLED EMERGENCY OFFCRS.—Invites all disabled emergency officers to attend meeting at headquarters, 3917 Lindell bldg., St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 21st, at 10 a.m., to discuss legislative matters. For information, write to J. J. Heithaus, Jr., 6187 National Bridge Road, St. Louis.

CHRISTIAN ORPHAN HOME, ST. LOUIS—Reunion dinner for all disabled War veterans (and their families) who served formerly in the U.S. Theodore D. Kautz, 4430 Meldrum av., Detroit, Mich.

A. E. F. UNIVERSITY, BEAUNE, FRANCE—Proposed

reunion. Send stamped, addressed envelope to A. P. Lantue, Rantoul, Ill., for details.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME VETS.—Former

students and teachers interested in convention

reunion, write to Robert B. Bordan, Notre Dame, Ind.

VETS. POLISH DESCENT—Visit the Polish-American Hall, 12 Cass av., also Falcon Sokol No. 45, 2013 St. Louis av., St. Louis, during

convention for registration. Bernard J. Kuciejski, 1723 N. 13th st., St. Louis.

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY

62

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30 U. S. ENGRS. (War with Spain)—Reunion. Art. S. Baldwin, 6301 Michigan av., St. Louis.

8TH ARMY CORPS VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion at Statler Hotel, St. Louis, one hour after parade, Sept. 24. George S. Geis, 127 N. Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

MO. CHAPTER DISABLED EMERGENCY OFFCRS.—Invites all disabled emergency officers to attend meeting at headquarters, 3917 Lindell bldg., St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 21st, at 10 a.m., to discuss legislative matters. For information, write to J. J. Heithaus, Jr., 6187 National Bridge Road, St. Louis.

CHRISTIAN ORPHAN HOME, ST. LOUIS—Reunion dinner for all disabled War veterans (and their families) who served formerly in the U.S. Theodore D. Kautz, 4430 Meldrum av., Detroit, Mich.

A. E. F. UNIVERSITY, BEAUNE, FRANCE—Proposed

reunion. Send stamped, addressed envelope to A. P. Lantue, Rantoul, Ill., for details.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME VETS.—Former

students and teachers interested in convention

reunion, write to Robert B. Bordan, Notre Dame, Ind.

VETS. POLISH DESCENT—Visit the Polish-American Hall, 12 Cass av., also Falcon Sokol No. 45, 2013 St. Louis av., St. Louis, during

convention for registration. Bernard J. Kuciejski, 1723 N. 13th st., St. Louis.

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY

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unions are held the year round—anniversaries of important battles and Armistice Day being favored dates.

Announcements of reunions and activities at other times and places follow:

1st Div., A. E. F.—Proposed reunion, Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 29-31, with N. Y. Legion Dept. Convention. Report to C. J. Quinlan, secy., Rochester Branch Soc. of 1st Div., 448 Alexander st., Rochester.

2d Div., A. E. F.—Reunion and banquet, Aug. 20-23, Rochester, N. Y., with N. Y. Legion Dept. convention. Report to C. J. Quinlan, secy., Rochester Branch Soc. of 1st Div., 448 Alexander st., Rochester.

3d Div., Secy.—National reunion, Newark, N. J., Aug. 31-Sept. 2, Lloyd A. Rader, 514 Linden av., Elizabeth, N. J.

35th Div.—Annual reunion, Emporia, Kans., Sept. 27-29, Frank Barr, pres., care of Kansas Gas and Electric Co., Wichita, Kans.

36th Div., Secy.—Reunion, Ft. Worth, Tex., Oct. 5-6, P. Wright Armstrong, secy., 715 Pine st., New Orleans, La.

37th Div.—Reunion, Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 29-31, in conjunction with Legion Dept. convention. Fred Rupp, 221 S. 39th st., New York City.

37th Div.—Vets. in cities and counties, N. Y., who expect to attend reunion in Baltimore, Md., Sept. 26, write to Harry Zorovitz, 495 Chauncy st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

337th INF. REU.—Reunion, Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 29-31, in conjunction with Legion Dept. convention. Fred Rupp, 221 S. 39th st., New York City.

316th INF. ASSOC.—16th annual reunion, Broadwood Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat., Sept. 28, Ray Cullen, P. O. Box 5316, Philadelphia.

353d (ALL KANSAS) INF.—Annual reunion at Lawrence, Kans., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Memorial services, banquet, special entertainment by bandmen who served in Kansas. Rinel, M. D., pres., 927 Argyle bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

355th INF. ASSOC.—Annual convention and reunion, Broken Bow, Nebr., Sept. 8-9. Walter T. Thornton, pres., and Harry E. Weekly, secy., Broken Bow, Nebr.

110th F. CLUB—Annual reunion, Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 1-2, including vets. of the 3d and 6th Inf. Inf. E. L. Sheley, 1412 W. 39th st., Kansas City, Mo.

316th INF. CO. F—Annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat., Sept. 28, Harry A. Horan, chmn., 3210 Spencer Terrace, Philadelphia.

328th INF., M. G. CO.—Reunion by Mail. Letters written to Joe M. Carr, Monticello, Fla., will be bound in booklet and sent to men responding.

338th INF. CO. H—Vets interested in proposed reunion, write to L. F. Germond, 803 S. Main st., Adrian, Mich.

51st PIONEER INF.—12th annual reunion at St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 1-2, F. L. Dickerson, secy., 3325-3335 16th st., St. Louis.

306th M. G. CO., B.—Annual reunion and dinner at 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, on Sept. 1, Wm. J. Gilvarry, chmn., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

308th M. P. CONTR.—Annual reunion and election, Hotel Warner, Warren, Ohio, Oct. 12. Patsy Cook, pres., 11710 National Bridge rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

11th F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Newark, N. J., Aug. 31-Sept. 2, R. C. Dickeson, secy., 6140 Sanders st., Elmhurst, N. Y.

50th F. A. 7th Div.—Reunion with Legion Dept. convention, Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 29-31. L. Blandford, 128 W. 3rd Street, Terre Haute, Ind.

148th F. A.—Annual reunion, Albany, N.Y., Sept. 1-2. Report to T. H. Houghton, secy., Room 140, Hotel Albany, Albany, N.Y.

322d F. A. ASSOC.—To complete roster, all vets report to L. B. Fritsch, secy., P. O. Box 324, Hamilton, Ohio.

339th F. A., BTRD D—Reunion, Chariton, Iowa, Sept. 8. Btry. C and 330th F. A. Band, invited to attend. Earl E. Houdek, secy., Delta, Iowa.

103rd AMMO. CO.—Annual reunion, Shakamak State Park, 25 miles west of Shakamak, Ind., Sept. 1. H. Stearley, 403 N. Mer., Brazil.

313th F. S. B.—Reunion, Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 5. Dr. Charles L. Jones, Gilmore City, Iowa.

13th INF. CO.—Annual Post reunion, and picnic, Silver Forest, Ill. Games, dancing, refreshments. Geo. H. Beyer, 6843-30th st., Berwyn, Ill.

34th ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Triangle Park, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 1. H. Q. Gibbons Hotel, George Remple, 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

37TH ENGS.—Pittsburgh Chapter annual banquet, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 9. C. W. Reynolds, secy., 3047 Texas av., South Hills P. O., Pittsburgh.

15TH ENGS., Co. D.—Reunion, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Apr. 25, 1936.—R. L. Knight, 224 North Market av., Pittsburgh 6, Pa.

107TH INF.—Annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 9. Joe Hrdlick, secy., 2209 N. 41st st., Milwaukee.

113TH ENGS.—Annual reunion, Forest Park, Mobile, Ind. Sept. 28-29. Otto Kirby, Chief of Police, Alphensville, or F. C. Craig, 3606 Washington blvd., Indianapolis, Ind.

3rd CAV., VETS, WESTERN DIV.—National reunion, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Ike E. Shoemaker, 10th Bldg., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

U.S. S. S. *Alaska*—Annual reunion of former shipmates, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 2. Dr. R. A. Korn, University Hospital, Philadelphia.

AMER. CO. 35 VETS, ASSOC.—Reunion, Lawrence Hotel, Erie, Pa., Sept. 1. H. H. Black, Box 153, Franklin Park, New Kensington, Pa.

BASE HOSP., No. 64, A. E. F.—Reunion, basket picnic, Perryville, Ohio, Sept. 1. R. J. Skolnick, 206 W. Delaware av., Toledo, Ohio.

BASE HOSP., No. 116—17th annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 9. Dr. Torr W. Harrington, 155 Marlborough St., Boston.

BASE HOSP., CAMP FREMONT—Reunion in Veterans' Building (old community house), Palo Alto, Calif., 11 a.m., Sun., Sept. 1. Write to Mrs. Helen Faber, P. O. Box 352, Palo Alto.

EVAN. HOSP., No. 13—Reunion, Toledo, Ohio, Aug. 31-Sept. 2. F. Holland, 332 Waybridge rd., Toledo.

SIERRA VETS.—Men in N. Y. area, drop postal

call W. A. HEUMANN suffering with influenza, Sept. 1-23, 1918.

CAMP TRAVIS, TEX.—Former comrades in 39th Co., 10th Bn., 165th Depot Brig., doctors, nurses and hospital personnel who recall Carl Edwin MUSICK being severely injured when trench mortar exploded and he was buried in the ground, exploded and was discharged from service while in hospital.

SEVER, Mrs. John J. (Fannie Violet), widow of John J. SEVER, pvt., Co. A, 40th Inf., during war, and on later enlistment with Q. M. Det., Ft. H. G. Wright, N. Y. Information wanted regarding whereabouts of Mrs. SEVER who is entitled to compensation.

1ST GAS REGT.—Statements wanted from two one-eyed members who took final physical examination with James FRASER, secy., at Camp Kearney, Calif., Feb. 25, 1919, to test Johnson.

CAMP DISPOSITION OFFICE, IS-SUR-TILLE, YARDS—Comrades who served with E. W. HUFF from Dec., 1918, to Apr., 1919.

VERMILION, Miss.—Comrades who recall Dr. W. F. HUBBARD, Vet. Corps, being injured in accident in May or June, 1918, when mule train from Texas was being unloaded.

CO. B, 1ST BN., REPLACEMENT TRAIN CENTER, CAMP PIKE, ARK.—1st Sgt. Wm. D. DOBBS, Cpl Ray MILLSPAW and others who recall Charles A. Hill suffering from flu during epidemic, Oct. and Nov., 1918.

CO. E, 101ST INF., 26TH REGT.—Set. Patrick J. LONG, Cpl. John N. GIBSON, Pvt. El. Timothy N. HOBBS, others to assist Nathan HAMMONDS.

U. S. S. *Rowan*—Shipmates who recall illness of Arthur J. GENIBROR, fireman, just before sailing for overseas, Apr., 1918.

FIELD HOSP., No. 17, 5TH SAN. TRN., 5TH DIV.—



THE SALUTING DEMON OF THE A.E.F. BUSTS TWO FINGERS, AND BECOMES A CASUALTY, THE FIRST DAY HE WORE A TIN HAT.

to St. Sgt. Herbert E. Smith, *The Recruiting News*, Governors Island, N. Y. Proposed formation of Wolfhound society, and reunion dinner.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 1605 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. The committee wants information from veterans who know of the following cases:

328TH F. A.—Comrades who knew Albert William YOUNG, wagoner, (now deceased), while widow route to or in the A. E. F., can assist his widow with claim.

3RD, D, 16TH BN., F. A. R. D., CAMP TAYLOR, Ky.—23rd Lt. James M. LINNEMAN, PVT. Jos. P. RIEGERT, Wm. A. RUOFF, Edw. FERNANDEZ, Walter B. MOLLOY and others who recall Charles D. STERN being sent to Base Hosp., Oct. 7, 1918, with influenza and later treatment at infirmary for nervous condition.

U. S. S. *Aroostook* and *Mobile*—Shipmates who recall Floyd L. SOLE, mess cook, suffering with chronic appendicitis and receiving treatment during 1918. One seaman on *Mobile* supplied him with liniment.

CO. M, 3D PIONEER INF.—Spts. John W. ROLLE, Wm. J. JONES, Robt. E. TAYLOR, Wm. F. BEAVIS and Edw. A. PARKER, and Capt. J. BENNER and others who recall defective hearing suffered by Erich F. NICKEL about Nov. 1, 1918.

CO. M, 107TH INF., 35TH DIV.—Comrades and fellow patient in hosp. in Alsace-Lorraine, who re-

Sgts. POND and NEWMAN, PVTs. PERMENTER, KENNELMAN, HARRIS, and others who served at Camp Logan, Texas, 1918, to assist F. J. D. BROWN, Orta, served with Co. B, 73d Inf., age 47, 5 ft. 8 in., brown hair and eyes, ruddy complexion. Last heard from in St. Louis, Mo., in 1925. Missing.

5TH, C. A. C., 3RD REGT.—Capt. Eugene MACEWING, 1st Sgt. HATTY SCHERF, Cpl. Charles H. ZIEGLER and others who recall illness of Edgar R. DAVIS in A. E. F.

210TH ENGS., CO. E—Lt. Herbert SCHALLENBACH and others who recall foot disability suffered by Clarence T. NELSON while in Camp Forrest, Ga.

HQ CO., C. A. C., FORM MONROE, VA.—Men who were in the hospital during late 1918 and early 1919 and recall Harrison STRINGER a patient with flu and pneumonia.

231ST, M. P., CO. NANTES, FRANCE—Former comrades stationed with A. P. LACOSTE at Gare Orleans, Or., and Nov., 1918, checking troops, who recall LACOSTE, who was wounded and being treated as out patient at base hospital.

U. S. S. *Iron*—Capt. Ara C. BARDERS, M. C., and Capt. Harley L. ACUFEE, M. C., who, with 2d Lt. Wm. R. GIBBONS, M. T. C., sailed from St. Nazaire, France, in April and recall treating L. C. PRASIER while he was confined to his room.

113TH INF., CO. H—Comrades who recall Louis N. EVANS (now deceased) having been injured while in front line duty, between July and Oct. 20, 1918, to assist widow.

141ST INF., CO. 43 REGT., SCHOOL SQRDN. AIR CORPS—discharged Ft. Sam Houston, Tex., Mar. 23, 1919. Missing.

BASE HOSP., 18, CO. B, CAMP RHODE ISLAND NAV., PINEY POINT, R. I.—Capt. J. E. DAY, Adelard LETECIAC and others who recall George HOWARD sustaining injury to shoulders between Feb. 15 and Mar. 1, 1918, and carried to sick bay.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

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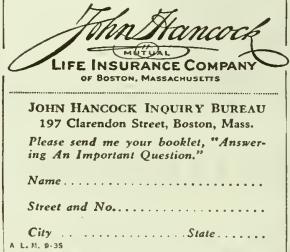
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NEWS OF VETERAN INTEREST

A Little Income Goes a Long Way

EVERY month, as the beneficiary of her husband's life insurance policy, a woman in St. Louis receives a small check from this company.

"I wonder if you realize," she recently wrote, "how much a check for \$27.65 can mean to an old woman, when she knows it will come regularly every month and will always come as long as she lives. This may not seem like a lot of money, but it has brought me more joy and satisfaction than anything in my later years."



THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION June 30, 1935

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 71,600.29
Notes and accounts receivable.....	23,075.92
Inventory of emblem merchandise.....	38,295.00
Invested funds.....	595,122.16
Permanent investments:	
Legion Publishing Corporation.....	\$631,165.47
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	184,214.71
Improved real estate, office building, Washington, D. C.	131,304.31
Furniture and fixtures, less depreciation.....	32,811.18
Deferred charges.....	15,013.17
	\$1,722,602.19

Liabilities

Current liabilities.....	\$ 39,500.82
Funds restricted as to use.....	13,072.63
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	184,214.71
Reserve for investment valuation.....	60,957.24
	\$ 297,745.40

Net Worth:	
Restricted capital.....	\$725,121.16
Unrestricted capital:	
Capital surplus.....	\$179,527.40
Investment valuation surplus.....	\$520,208.23
	\$699,735.63
	\$1,424,856.79
	\$1,722,602.19

FRANK E. SAMUEL, *National Adjutant*

PERSHING HALL, established in Paris under the auspices of The American Legion to commemorate the World War service of the Commander-in-Chief and the entire A. E. F., was assured long preservation when Congress at the end of June passed an act appropriating for the memorial the Stars and Stripes Fund amounting to almost a half million dollars.

This action was taken at a time when the Stars and Stripes Fund was about to be transferred into the United States Treasury, merged with other moneys and lost forever so far as concerned any use in keeping with the manner in which it originated. The fund, the profits made by the official newspaper of the A. E. F., had remained in the possession of the War Department since 1910. It was scheduled to be transferred into the Treasury on July 1st. The act appropriating the money for Pershing Hall was introduced in the Senate on May 27th, was passed by both houses immediately and was signed by the President on June 28th.

The action of Congress solves the financial problems with which Pershing Hall has been confronted since the depression began in 1929. When the depression set in, the corporation which had been set up to manage the building in Paris found that it was unable to collect a large percentage of the contributions which had been pledged for the construction and equipment of the memorial. At the same time, it was confronted by substantial interest charges on borrowed money, operating costs and taxes. Due to the existing financial situation, it was not possible to obtain needed assistance from The American Legion, the Elks, the Knights of Columbus, the Masons and other organizations which had made large contributions when the memorial was established following action by the Paris national convention of The American Legion in 1927.

The act of Congress authorized payment of indebtedness of \$370,000. The balance of the fund will be a trust fund, interest from which will be used for the maintenance of the memorial. Title of the property will be vested in the United States Government.

The 1933 national convention of The American Legion created a Pershing Hall Memorial Committee to make a study of problems relating to the memorial. Preceding enactment of the appropriation measure, leaders of The American Legion appeared at a hearing before a subcommittee of the Senate's Committee on Military Affairs held on June 7th.

FOR ORIENTAL VETERANS

BY THE Nye-Lea Act, signed by President Roosevelt at the end of June, Congress carried out a recommen-

dation of the Miami national convention of The American Legion by granting the right of American citizenship to 500 Japanese and Chinese veterans of the World War forces of the United States. It restored to them the right to naturalization which had been conferred in 1919 upon all aliens who served honorably in the United States forces but which had been later taken away from them as the result of a decision by the Supreme Court. This decision had invalidated certificates granted orientals on the ground that the post-war statute giving citizenship rights to alien veterans could not apply to those ineligible to citizenship under the general statutes.

The California Department of The American Legion and other California organizations joined in support of the Nye-Lea Act. The measure applies only to men who resumed their residence in this country and have lived in the United States continuously since the war. Much of the success for the passage of the measure is credited to Tokie Slocum, who emigrated to North Dakota with his parents in 1904, served as a sergeant-major with the Thirtieth Division in the Argonne and other battles.

NEW YORK CIVIL SERVICE

CONTINUED efforts to protect the Civil Service rights of all veterans in New York State are being made by a council of posts in New York City composed of municipal employees. At its last session, the State Legislature adopted amendments to Sections 21 and 22 of the State Civil Service Law defining veterans' rights in retention of positions and reinstatements, but the Governor vetoed the amendments. Efforts are to be made to have the amendments enacted again at the session of the Legislature beginning next January. Department conventions in the last four years have recommended legislation guaranteeing preference in retention to honorably discharged veterans in both state and municipal service.

Efforts are also being made to obtain the rescinding of the action of the New York City Municipal Civil Service Commission in setting the age limits for many positions at forty years, thus closing the door to entrance examinations for most veterans.

NEW HEADSTONE LAW ASKED

CONGRESS was expected to enact in the final days of the last session a measure permitting the War Department to provide for service men's graves a headstone of a type different from that supplied in the past and acceptable for erection in cemeteries which will not allow use of the old-type headstones. The National Graves Registration Committee of The American Legion obtained passage of the bill in the Senate early in the session.



Service!

**Not yesterday's service . . . nor only
today's . . . but TOMORROW'S, too**

★ That is the foundation of The American Legion. Certainly that boy . . . or girl, too . . . is glad you belong. More than glad—*Proud* is the word. Proud you faced death to serve . . . Proud you are still serving, in peace as in war. Prouder still they will be when they look tomorrow upon the America you are building today!

This is the message the 1936 American Legion Poster Brings You and All Citizens. Lithographed in colors, it

tells the story of The American Legion forcefully, completely, quickly.

★ See this poster on display at your department convention. It will be ready for thirty thousand outdoor panels the first of November, through the co-operation of the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, Inc., if your Post does its part and orders the required number early. Take this order blank to your next Post meeting and get action on it. The National Organization of The American Legion has officially adopted the above design and has authorized the Morgan Lithograph Company, Cleveland, Ohio, to make, sell and distribute all Legion posters, display cards and windshield stickers bearing such design.

— ORDER BLANK — REMITTANCE, PAYABLE TO THE MORGAN LITHOGRAPH CO., MUST ACCOMPANY THIS ORDER — — — — —

MORGAN LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO. 1935

Please enter our order for posters @ \$1.00 each delivered. Check or money order for \$ enclosed.

..... window cards @ 6c each delivered. (Minimum order 20 cards.)

..... windshield stickers @ 3c each delivered. (Minimum order 50 stickers.)

No. Dept. of Post Ship posters to local poster plant owner:

Street Name

City Street

State Approval of Local Poster Plant Owner

"They don't get your Wind"

ATHLETES SAY

YOU'LL LIKE THEIR
MILDNESS TOO!



HOMEMAKER — Mrs. J. B. Feeley



ACCOUNTANT — C. A. Petersen



WRITER — Eileen Tighe



REPORTER — Dick Hungerford

